Napoleon declared: "'Tis not for me
That my battalions face the foe nor flee.
'Tis that each soldier loves a girl, and she
Hath bid him fight till death or victory."
If then the Little Corporal spoke true,
And had each loved one been so fair as you,
No Frenchman would have lived through Waterloo.

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Photo *W. & D. Downey.*

"Those eyes of deep, soft, lucent hue,
Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey."

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Mummers Who Motor

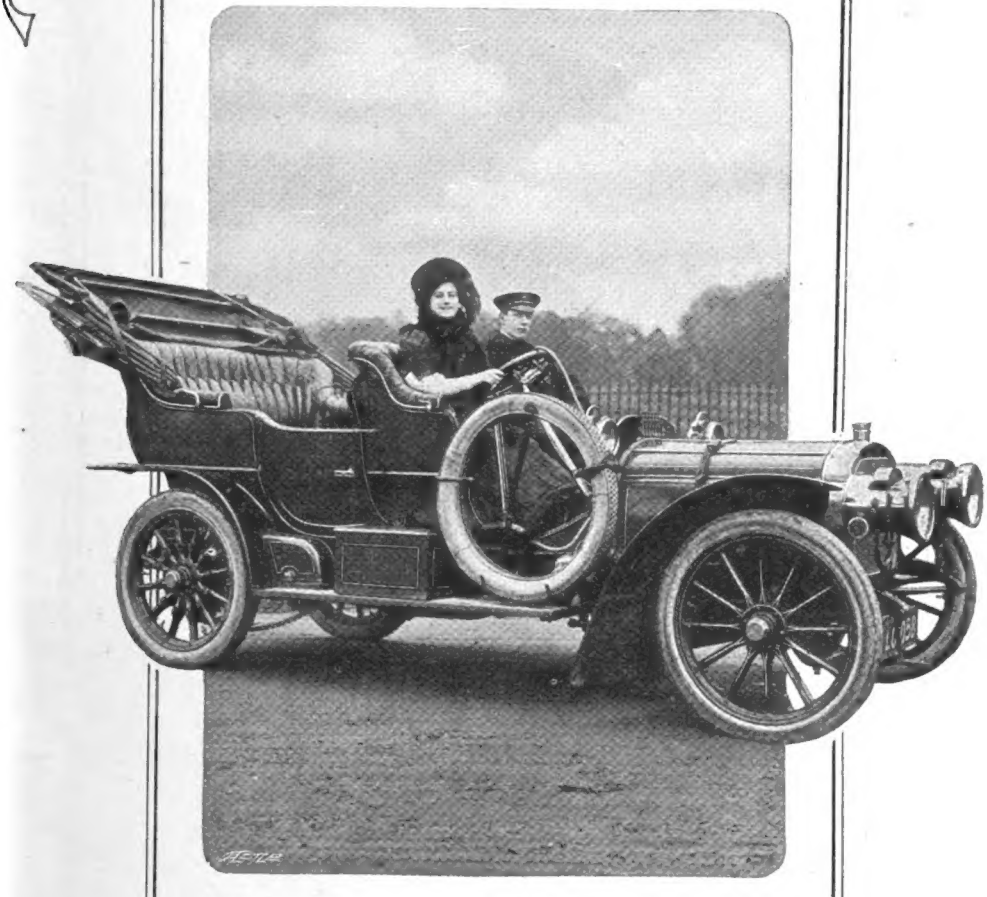

Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

ETHEL OLIVER,

Who Races at Night.

Not without reason Miss Ethel Oliver enjoys the reputation in motoring circles of being a "very plucky little girl."

She must be a very hardy little girl as well, for it is not at all uncommon for her to arrive at country hotels in the small hours wet to the skin, half frozen to death, and almost famished with hunger.

Though she has had narrow escapes, she has never been held up by the police. Her most daring feat was to race against another car in pitch darkness from Brighton to Crawley.

Unfortunately the other car won. But that was only because Miss Oliver was obliged to stop to remedy a defect in the machinery.

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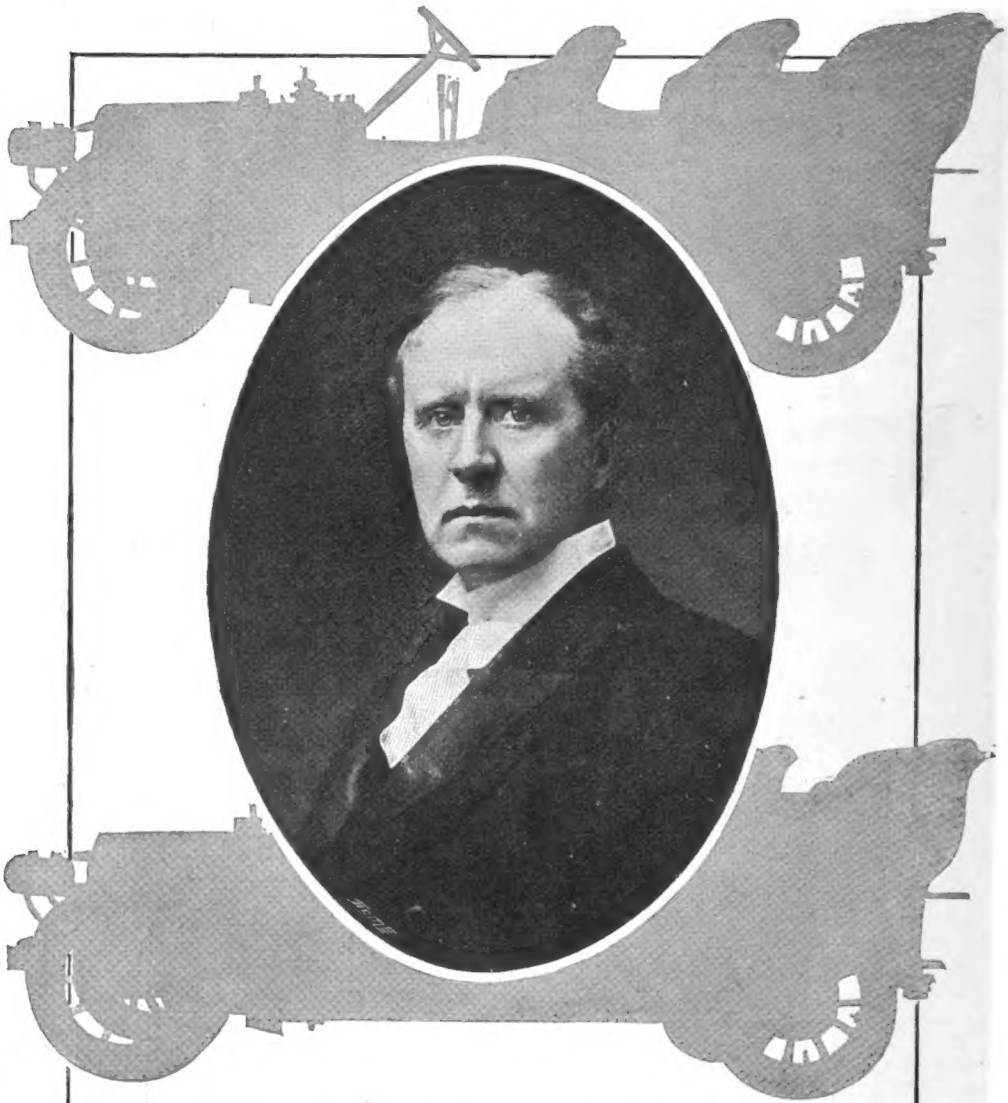

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

H. BEERBOHM TREE,

Whose Car Nearly Killed Him.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is enthusiastic over motoring, which he claims to be one of the joys of town-to-town theatrical visiting.

In the light of a recent adventure his enthusiasm is praiseworthy.

"We were going downhill when I became aware that my driver had lost control of the brakes. To the left was a sheer precipice, to the right, rock; in the road were two carts, one going and one coming.

"We crashed into one cart and bounded off into the other.

"I descended from my shattered seat. My cockney driver was equal to the occasion.

"'Not a bad "ad.," guv'nor,' he said."

If this kind of thing is one of the joys of town-to-town visiting, one cannot repress curiosity as to what the other joys may be like.

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Photo *Fonlsham & Banfield.*

ELLALINE TERRISS,

Who was Mistaken for an Arctic Explorer.

"I must confess I know very little about the mechanism of a motor, my practical experience being confined to an occasion when I held a light on a dark night while our chauffeur did some necessary repairs."

Thus Miss Ellaline Terriss.

Miss Terriss and her husband had a disagreeable motoring experience over in Ireland. The day was intensely hot, but the party were still wearing the fur coats which they brought with them for warmth on the sea journey.

A serious breakdown occurred, and they found themselves stranded and helpless in a small village, the centre of a crowd of barefooted people who wondered if the motorists had just come back from the Arctic Regions.

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Photo Ellis & Walery

ADA REEVE,

Who Can Mend Her Own Car.

Miss Ada Reeve is a clever woman in many ways.

She is a great motorist, and, what is unusual with ladies, thoroughly understands the mechanism of her car. She is quite capable of doctoring a breakdown in an emergency, but in the ordinary way she naturally prefers a mere man, whom she carries for the purpose, to act under her directions. Tampering with greasy and muddy machinery is hardly work for ladies' delicate hands.

When Miss Reeve is uncertain of her way she "asks a policeman," and fortunately her relations with the force while motoring have never gone beyond this point.

Her experience is that hotel-keepers have on all occasions a pretty habit of sticking on the price for motorists.

Miss Reeve puts the increase at from 25 to 100 per cent. more than when she rides behind horses.

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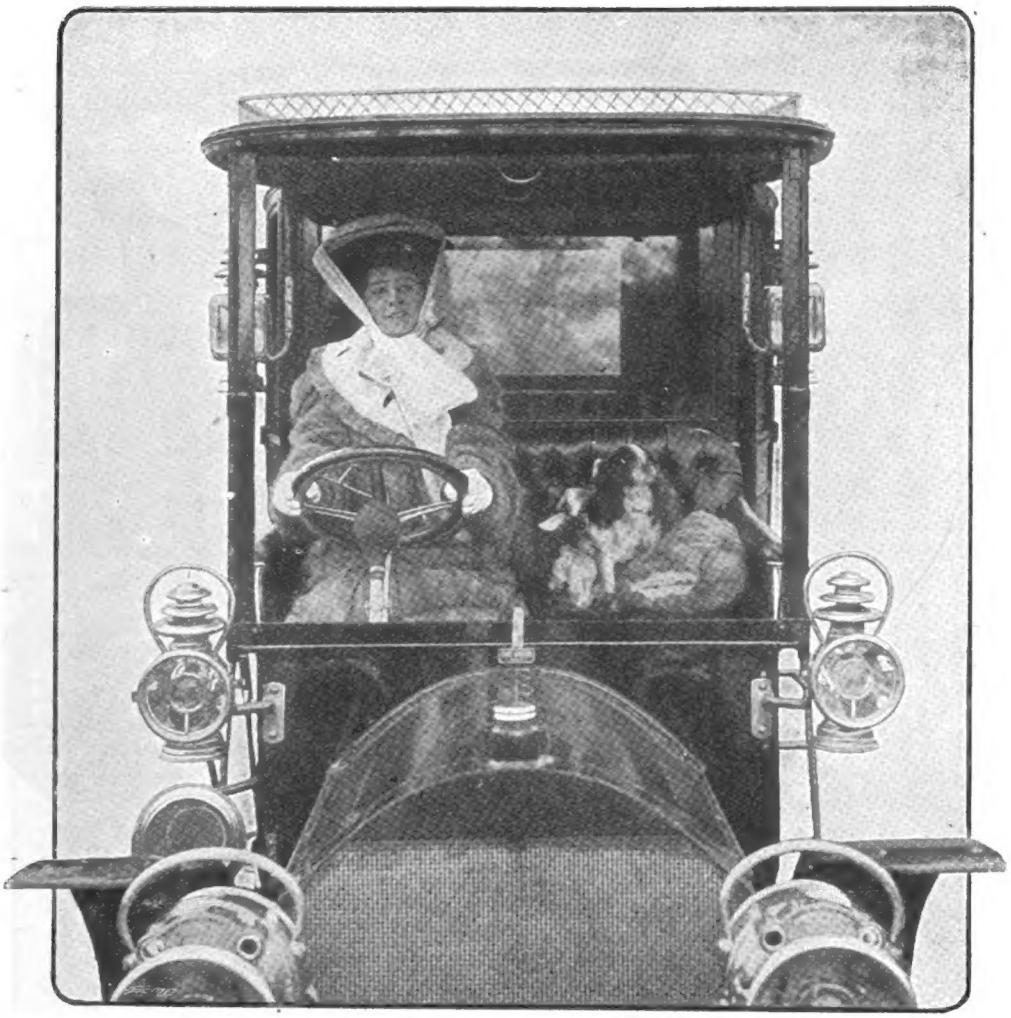

Photo *Bassano.*

CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

Who Can't Mend Her Own Car.

Miss Camille Clifford, the beautiful Gibson Girl, whose name is in everybody's mouth, is now the Hon. Mrs. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, her husband being heir to the title and estates of Lord Aberdare, with a rent-roll of many thousands a year.

Meanwhile the Hon. Henry—evidently a young man with grit and energy—is making a good thing of a motor garage, which naturally enjoys a fine aristocratic patronage. This venture, together with an interest in some private property, places the young couple beyond the reach of parental anger.

Miss Clifford is not passionately attached to motoring, but she has driven many hundreds of miles with her husband. She disclaims all technical knowledge. "I know when we go on, and when we stand still," she says, "and that is all I know, and all I want to know."

She likes English cars better than American, because they look nicer; and the English police better than the American—possibly for the same reason.

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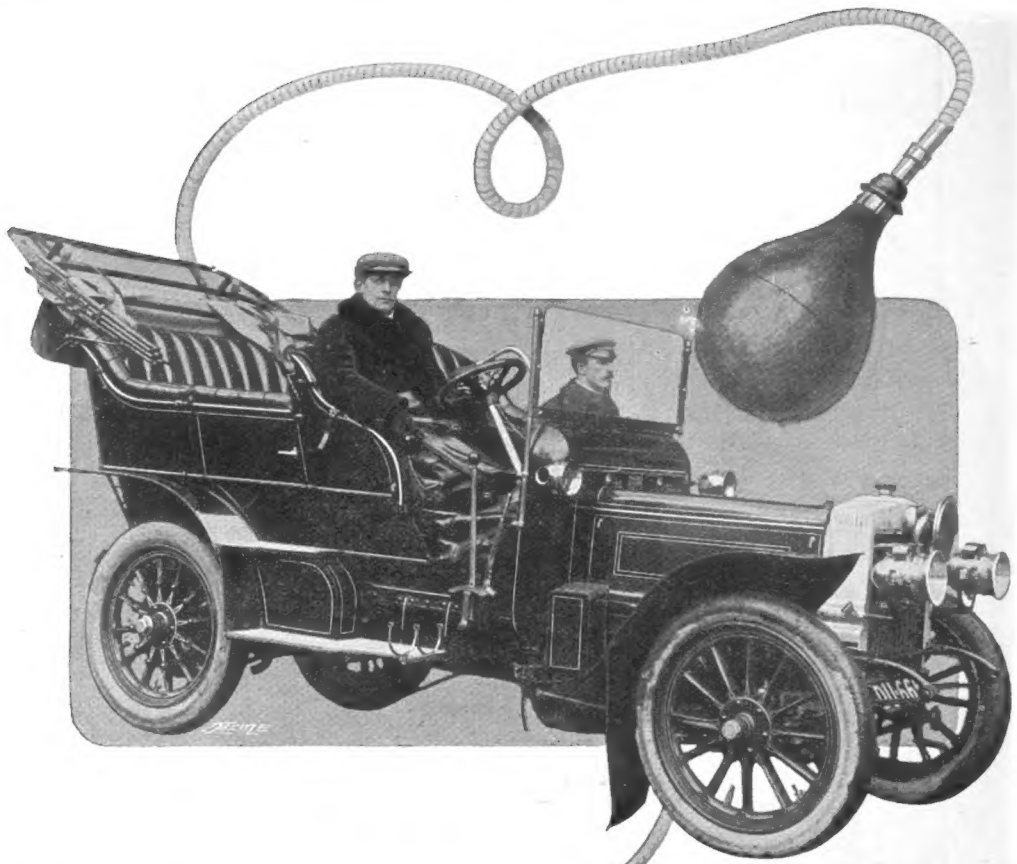

Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

LEWIS WALLER,

Who Has Never Killed Anything But a Small Chicken.

Mr. Lewis Waller is in the forefront of actor-motorists, and has enjoyed the distinction of having his particular police-court case discussed in the House of Lords.

It was mentioned by Lord Camperdown, presumably as a proof of the stiff-neckedness of the motor scorcher, that when the policeman stopped Mr. Waller and charged him with driving at twenty-five miles an hour, Mr. Waller merely expressed himself gratified to learn that he possessed so good a car.

As a matter of fact Mr. Waller went further than this. After a brief calculation he told the constable that he was not doing him justice, and insisted that the car had done quite thirty miles an hour!

He has driven many thousands of miles, and, speed notwithstanding, has run over nothing more important than one small chicken!

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VESTA TILLEY,

Who Has Three Cars.

Miss Vesta Tilley has almost forgotten what railway travelling is l ke.

No matter how far away a provincial engagement may be, she whirls in one or other of her three motor-cars. And she notices a great improvement in her health as a consequence.

She has been pulled up by the police once, when she claims to have been going at only ten miles an hour. The constable's stop-watch showed twenty-six miles an hour, and Miss Tilley at once offered to purchase such a valuable timepiece!

She pointed out that it would mean a lot of money to her, as in America she is paid ten dollars a minute, and stop-watches are used to time her performances.

The bill at the police-court came to £7, a trifling amount to Miss Tilley, if only the watch had been thrown in.

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

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MADGE LESSING,

Who Ran Over a Cyclist.

"After my first ride I vowed I would never ride again," declared Miss Madge Lessing.

"I was driven from the theatre to Kew, where I lived at the time, at such an awful pace that I felt as if I had been fired out of a gun. Chauffeurs seem to have the idea that the faster they scorch, the more people admire their skill."

Miss Lessing's car once ran over a cyclist, and "we had to relieve his enormous sufferings with a substantial sum paid on the spot."

Miss Lessing herself has not met with any accidents, but she has often towed other people's broken-down cars for miles, without receiving a penny in the way of salvage money.

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THE EXILES

A Story of the Russian Revolution.

By John le Breton.

In poor, distraught Baku, rebellion was only extinguished in one place to rise in another. Sometimes it smouldered unseen for awhile, but it was only gathering strength to burst out furiously when all seemed safe, and then, amid violence and anarchy, it was grappled with, fought, and crushed down again—for a time.

Michael Ivanovitch Kouleshof, the doctor, with his daughter, lived in what had been a quiet suburb of the malodorous town.

Vera Mihailovna was to marry Alexis Oubrosky, who was her father's partner, and it had been arranged that they should be wedded within a few months—and then the revolt broke out, and they became helpless atoms in the whirling horrors of it.

Pungent, sickening fumes of smoke from the burning oil-tanks floated thickly across the skies, and hid the pale sun from Baku. Heavy, greasy, and rank, the smoke-fiend brooded over the homes all the forenoon, until, gaining in density, it descended upon them with a rain of black, soft filth that desecrated the most carefully-guarded recesses. It was the last touch of misery, and under it Baku lost all semblance of civilisation, and became terrible—incredible!

Vera Mihailovna looked drearily from the window as Colonel Kurnsoff and his Cossacks came dashing by. Brutal and wild they looked, but she had no fear of them. They were serving Holy Russia, and it was their duty to destroy Her enemies.

Then, of a sudden, two men came out on the balcony of the house opposite, and they hurled what seemed to be stones at the Cossacks.

A blinding light illumined the grey afternoon, and a tremendous explosion followed that shattered the window-panes, and flung the girl back into the room. In a moment she rose, and ran to the window, and saw that the Colonel and his horse together lay stretched upon the ground, with a number of his men about them.

Then, from a side street, a number of workmen rushed up, armed with rifles, and they fired on the disorganised Cossacks, of whom many fell. Those who were unhurt fled madly, pursued by their foes. In ten minutes the dismal street was quiet again, save for the groaning of the wounded. Windows were cautiously opened, and the people glanced out fearfully. No one went down into the street from the houses, excepting the doctor, Michael Ivanovitch, and his partner, Alexis Oubrosky. Quite fearlessly and steadily they came out into the midst of the wreckage, brought lint and bandages, and commenced to tend the wounded.

A police-officer came stealthily round a

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corner, stared at the disaster, and hurried away. The doctors went on with their work; and presently, seeing Vera at the shattered window, her father called to her to bring them water. Already the approaching thunder of horses' hoofs hinted at more danger; but Vera went out with the water, and stood by to help. Tears scalded her eyes; she bowed her head and prayed. Death had stilled so many, and departing life was torturing so many more, who cried for death. The maimed fellow-creatures, the agonised horses —she dared not look!

The coming horses were galloping, and there seemed to be danger and threats of revenge in the stirring sound. A strong force of Cossacks and of police came rapidly up. A detachment halted at one end of the street, guards were posted at every turning; men rode swiftly to the other end of the street and blocked it, so that no one could enter or leave it. They ignored the labouring doctors, and they rode unconcernedly over their dead or wounded comrades. Obeying a command, a party dismounted, and forced a way into the house on whose balcony lay the pierced and slashed bodies of the men who had thrown the bombs.

First of all—silence! Then exultant shoutings, cries of despair, and of intolerable pain. One man, and then another, and then two young boys were flung bleeding from an upper window, to lie in grotesque heaps of death and suffering upon the stones below. At the door the Cossacks re-appeared, driving out a woman and three sobbing girls. The next house and the next were visited. Sometimes no prisoners were brought out, for the Cossacks left only the dead in some sad homes; and again, a whole family would be added to the crowd of pallid prisoners in the street.

A fresh troop of horse came at full speed, and with it was the General of the district and his staff. He issued his instructions sharply. In an instant the two doctors and the girl were hustled off to where the rest of the prisoners stood; and then, surrounded by Cossacks, they were marched away to the barracks.

For some days they remained there, and every day a batch of prisoners was sent for, and none that went out came back again.

"They are released and sent home," Vera Mihailovna said, trying to hope. She was permitted to be with her father in the day-time, and he paid heavily for the privilege.

"Yes, they are released," echoed her father, knowing well that death had freed them.

After ten days the two doctors and Vera were summoned before the General and his officers. Cossacks were brought in, three of them men whom the doctors had succoured in the street after the explosion. They swore that one of the bombs came from the house of Michael Ivanovitch.

The old doctor looked at them sorrowfully, but he met only the Cossack hatred of the Russian in their hard eyes.

Alexis laughed out contemptuously.

"Victims are scarce since you must needs bring up these cowards to swear our honour away," he said scornfully. "They lie, and you have brought them here to face us, knowing that they meant to speak falsely."

The General and his officers spoke in whispers apart, and some laughed, and looked strangely at the prisoners. Then the General turned, smiling a little.

"You men are convicted of making war against His Imperial Majesty. The penalty is death. The woman, being under your influence, will be tried again later on. I am assured that the plot which resulted in the murder of our brave men was known to you. There are many concerned in it, who have escaped, as yet. If you confess you shall be dealt with leniently."

"Your Excellency, we know nothing of the plot, or of those who committed the crime," said Michael Ivanovitch earnestly.

"You are obstinate, and perhaps you wish to appear a martyr. Very well; we know how to deal with such martyrs. Colonel Petrof, you know what to do. Take them away."

The officer rose, and at his word of command a squad of Cossacks marched the prisoners out into the great, bare barrack-yard, where the Sobrasky regiment of infantry was drawn up. They were halted beside two fresh excavations, each about seven or eight feet in depth. Into these, standing, and with their hands bound behind them, the doctors were lowered. Petrof turned to Vera, and signalled that she was to be held by two Cossacks, between the graves. Spade in hand, stood two of the men, ready to throw back the earth. Vera could see the white faces of her father and of her lover looking up at her. They were silent, for protest was useless, and they were not cowards.

"Vera Mihailovna," the Cossack officer said negligently, "his Excellency, with a generosity which you do not deserve, has decided that one of the prisoners is to be

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buried here and now, and the other to be sent to the fortress—*unless they confess.* It is for you to say which of them is to remain in his grave. Soldiers, get to work!"

Earth and stones rattled sharply in upon the helpless men. The girl clenched her fingers into the palms of her hands, driving back a deathly faintness by the self-inflicted pain.

Vera moved a step nearer to her father, dreading yet longing to see his face. It was quite calm, and he smiled as he looked up at her.

"I have lived, little one," he said, "but Alexis has many years before him. Let them go on here, and presently I will sleep."

Vera went out with the water, and stood by to help.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked, galvanised into despairing outcries, "I cannot! It is murder, murder—and you, so good, so kind. Cossacks, let me take my father's place! I wish to die!"

More earth showered down into the grave, and a splinter of rock struck Michael Ivanovitch on the lips, so that they streamed blood.

In obedience to a sign from the Colonel, the girl was wrenched round, so that she faced her lover. The earth was up to his knees, and his face was drawn and stern. He saw the piteous, loving eyes that sought his own, and his look softened.

"Death is better than such life," he cried to her. "I pray for your happiness, my heart. Your father shall comfort you."

"Vera Mihailovna, release Alexis!" came the father's voice feebly, from the other grave.

Stupefied, motionless, and dumb, the girl watched as in a dream, and saw that the earth had now mounted to her lover's breast.

"Vera Mihailovna," called her father. She turned stiffly to him, her limbs jerking like those of a marionette. "Do you disregard me, as though I were already of the dead? Tell them, I command you, to release Alexis!"

She looked into the kind, familiar face, and her heart was torn with anguish. It was not possible—she could not speak the words that would destroy him. Her parched mouth could utter no sound, her breath fluttered like that of the dying. Again, and yet again the earth fell, and more feebly, as it oppressed his lungs with its leaden weight, her father pleaded with her for the life of Alexis.

Her lover's voice, gasping, croaking, pierced through her stupor.

"I confess! I will make my confession! Release Michael Ivanovitch. He knew nothing of my schemes, nor did the lady. He would have delivered me to the General had he known!"

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"Alexis! It is not true!" she screamed, turning to meet those straining eyes that once had held youth and joy in their depths.

"Dig them out," ordered Petrof complacently. "I imagined that we should find truth in the grave."

With brutal haste and carelessness they were withdrawn from the stifling earth. Bruised and exhausted, they were brought up, and found to be unable to walk. They were almost too exhausted even to stand, and finding his efforts with the point of his sword useless against their pitiable weakness, Petrof was compelled to order the confession to be made on the spot. A junior officer, with pen and ink, stood ready to commit it to writing.

"Now, son of a dog—quick! Who were your accomplices?" Petrof cried to Alexis.

"I had none."

With all his force, Petrof struck the young man across the shoulders with the flat of his sword.

"Did we dig you up for this, beast? You laugh at me. You belong to a conspiracy—you all do. Quick with the truth, or the three of you shall be shot."

Alexis looked across to where Vera was standing beside her father.

"My friends are in Switzerland—Dmitri Razasky and Peter Sobienski. They know of others, and they gave me my orders," he muttered, inventing the people and the conspiracy, and sickening at the degradation into which he was being sunk.

The junior officer wrote down these particulars. Vera, who had been whispering to her father, came swiftly across to the group.

"It is not true," she said bravely; "he says these things to free us. If he is to die, we elect to die also; but we are, each of us, innocent."

"I have your word, Colonel," said Alexis calmly. "Michael Ivanovitch and his daughter are to be set free, since I confess."

"When did you last meet your confederates in Switzerland?" demanded Petrof.

"A month since," replied Alexis.

The officer who was taking notes looked up.

"The police report that this man has not left the town for a year, my Colonel," he said laconically.

"He wishes to make fools of us," roared Petrof. "The whole story is false. My orders are, when no confession is made, to execute all prisoners found guilty—as these are. Stand them up!"

There was a murmur in the ranks as the doctors were dragged to the wall, and propped up against it. Vera followed and stood between them, holding a hand of each one.

"It is better far than losing you," she said tenderly. "It is well with us, dear ones."

Alexis did not speak, but his eyes blazed at Petrof, and he did not seem to feel Vera's kiss upon his cheek.

The junior officer had been moving his head uneasily, as though trying to listen to half-heard sayings while the firing party formed into line. There were deep murmurings in the ranks of the soldiers of the infantry regiment, who were drawn up so as to form three sides of a square. Words reached his ears that made his lips quiver, and part, and then set tightly again, as if to trap words which his heart longed to set free.

His young face was deathly white, and yet sometimes it flushed darkly. His hands clenched convulsively, and spread open again and again, until at last, as the firing party came to attention, he stood forward and saluted Petrof.

"Pardon, Colonel," he said breathlessly, "but I happen to know of these prisoners."

Petrof looked at him with amazement.

"What do you know? If you can make them confess who are their confederates, speak out! If not—hold your tongue."

"They cared for the wounded when the bomb was thrown. The bomb did not come from their house. They are good people, and well-disposed."

"Silence!" ordered the Colonel; and then the murmur in the ranks rose to a moan, like the sound of waves presaging a storm that is speeding from afar.

"It's all a mistake," persisted the boy, who, now that he had dared to face his Colonel, became bold; "they are not rebels. Several of our men can speak for them."

"Arrest the lieutenant!" ordered the Colonel.

Not a man of the regiment stirred. Then, at another command, the Cossacks wheeled and surrounded him.

Petrof ostentatiously drew his revolver "Lieutenant, you are in command of the firing party. Give the word!" he said.

Mechanically the boy took up his position. The Cossacks moved with him into line with the detachment and stepped back. He was very young, scarcely more than twenty.

"Give the command!" cried Petrof.

For answer, the lieutenant broke his sword across his knee and flung the pieces down. As they clattered to the ground a shot rang

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Again, and yet again . . . her father pleaded with her for the life of Alexis.

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out, and the boy fell like a stone. The Colonel stood over him, a thin, blue smoke floating from his revolver. Then, without a tremor, he drew his sword and gave the command.

"Firing party! Present—take aim!"

From the regiment came two shots, and the Colonel fell. Then followed a storm and a volleying of death-dealing shots, and the Cossacks dropped like flies about the grounds. The orderly regiment was a yelling mob. Officers rushed up, expostulated, swore, beseeched, and commanded, and one after another they were shot down.

Someone released the staggering, half-fainting prisoners and hurried them to the gates, whilst madly the disorganised regiment rushed to the barracks where mutiny and murder had leapt up like the flames of a raging volcano in response to the echoes of their firing. With the speed of lightning the revolt spread. Men ran like maniacs from the buildings, most of them to be shot down, though a few escaped. Artillery galloped up and fired upon the mutineers, and paid the death-toll, and were withdrawn, while triumphant shouts announced that the rebels held the barracks, and were victors—for a while!

Lying off Baku was the *Artois*, a French steamer, on the point of departure, and to her some workmen brought the two doctors and Vera Mihailovna. A steam-launch left the battleship *Potemkin*, and came to intercept the rowing-boat before it could reach the *Artois;* but suddenly it stopped, and the sailors were seen to throw the officer in command into the water, and to change the course, making for the quay.

When the *Artois* left harbour that night the exiles stood on her deck, aft, watching the red flames from burning warehouses streaming out against the black heavens, whilst great shells burst and thundered about the besieged barracks. The artillery was shelling the mutineers. Brothers who suffered were slaughtering brothers who had urged with their blood against slaughter.

They were exiles, those three, but their prayers were all for Russia.

Photo James Clark.

The Model's Confession.

Oh! hurry up, please, for I'm shiv'ring with cold,
An' my foot is asleep an' so heavy to hold,
An' it's horrid to keep an expression of bliss
When they're paying me sixpence for sitting like this.

They want me to think all the *good* things there are,
An' I'm doing my best, but it doesn't go far,
For directly I fix all my thoughts on the sky
I think of the sixpence and what it will buy.

They've hung a big bun right up there on the line,
An' I raise my eyes to it an' wish it was mine;
The man says "Attention!"—I look at the bun—
My face grows angelic, and, presto! it's done.

J. A. Middleton.

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BIG FAMILIES

Photo *W. & D. Downey.*

Group taken on the ninety-first birthday of the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, at which a hundred and forty-five of her direct descendants were present.

A Glance at Some of the World's Largest Households.

By F. E. Baily.

The problem of the declining birth-rate looms very large in the public eye nowadays. Most of the newspapers frequently devote columns of space to its discussion, but, unfortunately, it is still unsolved.

However, we cannot ignore the fact that, not only in England, but throughout the Empire, the annual total of births grows beautifully less; and, indeed, the more pessimistic among us suggest that the British Empire will eventually share the decay of the Greek and Roman empires. They assert that this decay has already begun.

The Greek and Roman element in the colonies of those nations, owing to the comparative sterility of the races, and the lack of emigrants from Greece and Rome, was eventually swamped by a foreign population.

The same thing, it is argued, will happen in our case.

In the midst of all these gloomy forebodings, and the outcry about the small households which are found nowadays, it is interesting to glance at a few families that are notable either in size or in some other respect, and which contrast with the smallness and mediocrity of their modern successors.

Royalty, without a doubt, provides the most interesting examples, and that of the late Queen Victoria takes a prominent place, both for size and interest, among modern royal families.

Probably all who read this article lived in her reign. Everyone remembers how fond she was of gathering her children and grandchildren around her at Windsor, and the affection which all of them had for her was a matter of common knowledge. Queen Victoria had nine children, four sons and five daughters.

Of her sons the eldest is now, by world-wide consent, the greatest living sovereign. The Duke of Connaught, her third son, is a Field-Marshal of the British Army, and one of the keenest soldiers in its ranks.

The late Queen's eldest daughter, Princess Royal, married Prince Frederick of Prussia, who was afterwards German Emperor. She thus became the Empress Frederick,

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mother of the present Kaiser, and is the only one of Queen Victoria's children, except King Edward, who became a crowned head. She died, it will be remembered, a few years ago.

Excepting the Empress Frederick, Princess Alice, who married Prince Louis of Hesse, the late Duke of Saxe-Coburgh, and the late Duke of Albany, all the late Queen's children are still alive.

Her family, though large, was not the largest of the House of Hanover.

King George III. claims the distinction of having had more children than any other monarch of his house up to the present date. He was the father of thirteen children—seven sons and six daughters.

Strangely enough, two of his sons sat on the English throne—a rather uncommon occurrence, as few of our kings have been succeeded by their brothers.

To return to our own times, a remarkable royal family is that of the late King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Three of his children are reigning over as many different countries at the present moment. The late monarch's eldest son, of course, succeeded to his father's throne. Prince George is King of the Hellenes, and, it will be remembered, paid a visit to this country not so very long ago.

Princess Alexandra is, as everyone knows, our most gracious Queen, while Princess Dagmar shared the throne of the late Tsar of Russia, so that no fewer than four of the late King Christian's children have shared European thrones. Another of his daughters is almost a Queen. Princess Thyra married the Duke of Cumberland, and is thus the wife of the hereditary King of Hanover, did the monarchy of Hanover still exist.

Photo *J. Danielsen.*

Prince George of Greece. The Tsaritsa. The Tsar. The King of Greece.
Queen Alexandra. The late King of Denmark.

A large Royal Family—that of the late King Christian IX. of Denmark, who had eight living children, and many grandchildren.

Yet another of the late King of Denmark's descendants occupies a throne, though in this case the ruler is a grandson.

King Haakon's visit to England, in company with Queen Maud and little Prince Olaf, is still fresh in everyone's memory. Before being elected to the throne of Norway, King Haakon was, of course, Prince Charles of Denmark, and is a son of the present King of Denmark.

Queen Maud was, before her marriage, Princess Maud of Wales, and is the only child of King Edward and Queen Alexandra occupying a throne. Little Prince Olaf, who

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A group of those of Mr. Lorin Farr's descendants who live at Salt Lake City. Mr. Farr is seen on the right of the picture.

will, if all goes well with him, succeed to his father's throne, is a great grandson of the late King Christian IX. The present Tsar of Russia is also a grandson of the late King of Denmark.

The late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, whose photograph, in the midst of some of her descendants, forms one of the illustrations of this article, was a remarkable woman, and the mother of several well-known people.

She was born in the year 1812, a year famous for Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow. Her father was the sixth Duke of Bedford, and she was married in 1832, five years before the accession of the late Queen.

The Dowager Duchess was a member of the courts of George IV. and Queen Victoria, and, as she died on March 31, 1905, lived in the reigns of four monarchs.

She was the mother of Lord George Hamilton, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and the Marchioness of Lansdowne. The photograph of the late Dowager Duchess surrounded by 145 of her direct descendants—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—was taken during the celebrations held in honour of her ninety-first birthday.

The family of Dr. MacCram, of South Omaha, fourteen in number. The eldest is twenty years old, the youngest three.

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A family both large and famous—that of the Vicomte de Lesseps, who built the Suez Canal.

America claims what is probably the biggest family in the world. The father of it is Mr. Lorin Farr, and he has 401 direct descendants. Mr. Farr was one of the elders of the Mormon Church, and married five wives during the period 1845-1857. It is dreadful to think of the responsibilities which Mr. Farr accepted when he elected to become a Mormon, and set up housekeeping on such a large scale. His bills for shoe-leather alone, had he lived in a civilised spot, would have been terrific. Fortunately for him, the Mormons went "out West" to found a community of their own, so he probably allowed

Although Arab families are usually small, this household of an Algerian notable includes fifteen children.

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A household which numbers sixteen children: Joseph Beaudette of Normanden, Quebec, and his family.

his children to run barefoot. But if he and his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren were to take up their abode in a town they would occupy several streets of it. In fact they might start a village of their very own!

Those of them who live at Salt Lake City form a large group when assembled in order to be photographed.

A family both numerous and well known was that of the Vicomte de Lesseps, famous as the engineer who constructed the Suez Canal.

He completed this gigantic work in 1869, when he was presented with the honorary freedom of the City of London, and made a K.C.M.G.

He also commenced cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, but the company suspended payment after a while, and the project was abandoned. Surrounded by his wife and eleven children, he makes a picturesque photo, and there is no doubt that he was even more proud of these bright, healthy boys and girls than of his great engineering achievements.

Having in view the dwindling birth-rate in France, it is surely somewhat ironical that under the Union Jack French people should multiply to such an extraordinary extent as they do in the Province of Quebec.

In 1890 the Legislative Assembly of Quebec passed a law awarding a hundred acres of land free to all fathers having a family of twelve living children. During the following year, 1300 applications for the grant of land were received, seventeen coming from a single parish, and 3490 families have benefited by the law since it was passed.

No one has been able to say why the French Canadians are so much more prolific than colonists of English or Scotch descent, but the fact remains that this is the case.

Two large French-Canadian families are those of Joseph Beaudette and Alfred Lasallée, each numbering sixteen children, photos of which are reproduced on this page.

Even more French-Canadian families than have actually availed themselves of the law of 1890 would have done so had not the vacant Crown lands been situated in places remote from them.

Many resided in old parishes of the seigneuries, and were thus unable to go and choose plots at a distance of from fifty to two hundred miles from their homes.

Alfred Lasallée and his family of sixteen. He lives at St. Ann's, Lapocatierre, which is also in Quebec.

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THAT ASS WILSON'S WEDDING.

by
FOX RUSSELL

Illustrated by
TOM BROWNE

How His Friends Helped Him to Get Married.

By FOX RUSSELL.

UNWORTHY as Wilson had proved himself of our confidence, in more than one particular, we—Simmons, Bates, and myself—agreed, when silver-printed invitations for his wedding with Miss Smith-Robinson arrived, that we would sink all feelings of enmity and accept; especially as two days' leave was to be granted to any employé at our office who was a wedding guest—a particular mark of appreciation accorded to Wilson as Crogger, Prowle & Co.'s favourite clerk. Favourite clerk indeed! I should like to know why?

Another reason for accepting the invitation was that we had heard that there would be an unlimited supply of champagne. I think this latter consideration settled the matter.

We were all feeling very cheerful at the idea of the outing, when Bates rather checked our hilarity by observing: "But we shall have to give him a wedding present."

And a slight gloom came over us at the thought, resulting in prolonged silence.

Then a bright idea struck me, and I said: "Let's each give him a box of cigars. He doesn't smoke, so probably he will make them over to us again."

"No fear," growled Bates, "he'd change them for something else and we should get left."

So that idea was abandoned. Then we thought of giving him a valuable diamond ring, but finally gave up the notion, as, on inquiry at the shops, we found we could not get a really fine diamond much under three pounds ten, and we hardly cared to waste so much money on a man like Wilson. He was really not worth it, and the diamonds at one pound fifteen did not look up to Crogger, Prowle & Co.'s standard. I suggested a bracelet for the bride—something really good at about fifty-five shillings—but this was ultimately negatived on the ground that, as we had all been rather attached to Miss Smith-Robinson, Wilson might feel jealous.

Finally we determined to give separate presents, as we could not agree amongst ourselves upon any one particular thing.

Going home one night from the office, I passed a tea dealer's, and was greatly attracted by the sight of a fine, newly-painted Chinese figure standing in the window. An idea struck me, and I went in and asked the shopman:

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"Would you sell this Chinese Joss?"

"What, the Josser in the window?" he asked in surprised tones.

"Yes, the Joss," I repeated sternly. I preferred to call it a Joss—it sounded better.

"Well, you see, sir, it's an advertisement for our best one and eightpenny tea. And it's name isn't 'Jos.' I call it Chin-Chin."

I ignored this vulgarian's remark and continued:

"What would you take for the figure? I see the head is loose," I added, trying to cheapen the price.

"Oh, that's natural; these Chinese figures are made to nod their heads. Well, say 'arf-a-sovereign and it's yours."

After much haggling, I got the figure for six and sixpence, and carried it home in triumph. It would be just the thing, I thought, to give Wilson for an ornament in his hall, and, whilst rare, it possessed the merit of being inexpensive.

Bates had bought him a green silk umbrella with a large glass globe handle. He was considerably annoyed, however, to find, on taking it out of its case when he got home, that the globe slipped half-way down the stick, and had continually to be hoisted up again into the right position. But on mentioning the matter to us, we all agreed that it was quite good enough for Wilson. The umbrella was perfect in every other respect—except that sometimes it wouldn't open. But, after all, plenty of people carry umbrellas that are only adapted for use in fine weather.

Simmons' offering was a silver-plated coffee-pot that had belonged to his grandmother. He seemed to set considerable store by this fact, and threw it in, as it were, to balance the trifling drawback that the pot had no lid.

Of course, like the ass he is, Wilson, although he was marrying an heiress, never for a moment contemplated throwing up his clerkship in Crogger, Prowle & Co.'s firm. Wilson never had any idea of living the life of the free—as he might well have done on his wife's money. He has positively no enterprise at all. If it had been I, for example, I would soon have shown the stuff I was made of; I would have resigned immediately, and devoted my life to playing in billiard handicaps.

When I hinted to Wilson my views on the subject, he exclaimed:

"But you wouldn't live on your wife's money?"

"Oh, there's nothing easier, my dear fellow!" I said earnestly, "if you only go the right way about it. Where's the difficulty?"

But he didn't see it—actually did *not* see it! The man is simply stupid beyond compare. I pity the bride: if she were marrying me, she would have a husband who, at least, would know how to enjoy life and spend all the joint income. But women are strange creatures. She seemed quite content with Wilson—outwardly, at all events. And whatever vain regrets she might have had at sight of me she was wise enough to conceal.

Wilson had taken rooms for us in a cottage near the house of the bride's mother, and met us at the station to conduct us to them. But we were not at all inclined to let Wilson patronise us, in any way, and I told him pretty plainly that we were quite able to fend for ourselves, and didn't want his interference. So we got into an antiquated fly and drove to the only hotel.

"I'm afraid you won't like the accommodation there," said Wilson dubiously, "whereas at the cottage you would find everything very clean and the food well cooked, though the rooms certainly are small. Still——"

We silenced him by humming tunes to show that whatever he said would not make the slightest difference to us. It was a hint which even Wilson could not wholly ignore.

When we arrived at the Commercial Hotel, Wilson, still anxious to help, as he called it (we thought that "interfere" would be a more appropriate word) went to the manager—a dirty-looking man in a greasy frock coat, fancy waistcoat, and shepherd's-plaid trousers—and began trying to bargain on our behalf; but I quickly intervened, and, after rather stiffly assuring Wilson that he need not trouble, ordered the manager fellow to show us to the best rooms he had.

"The best of everything's good enough for us, manager," I said with a wink. I knew how to treat him.

He immediately became most obsequious and showed us to our rooms. The house was a newly-built one of the "jerry" order, poor and pretentious. However, that was about all we could expect from Wilson's choice of a hotel. Of course, when he saw what a wretched place it was, he tried to hedge by saying:

"Well, I didn't think you'd like this place, you know. The cottage I had taken for you, and where I am staying, is——"

But we all began humming tunes again, and he had to stop in the middle of his sentence. He *is* an ass, that man.

We were to dine at The Laurels—the bride's home—at 7.30. But, as we had

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arrived at the hotel about four, we ordered a substantial tea at once.

"Won't you fellows come to tea with me, instead?" said Wilson.

But it was raining, and we were in no mood for turning out. We declined; and then we saw to the luggage being brought in, left Wilson to pay for the cab, and proceeded to the sitting-room to await the advent of our informal meal.

Waiting was not very pleasant; the room smelt damp, and *was* dirty. The fire wouldn't burn and the atmosphere was icy. Simmons lit a pipe.

"May as well light up," he said, "no need to let the fire do all the smoking."

And Bates feebly observed: "Ha! ha!" The rest of us shivered and made no comment.

Presently Wilson rose to go, saying:

"Well, if I can't do anything more for you fellows, I'll be off."

Anything *more!* What had he done already, I should like to know, except decoy us to this disgusting hotel? Just like Wilson!

I thought this a favourable opportunity for giving him our wedding presents—especially as he would have to carry them home and save us the trouble. So we produced the Chinese idol, the green umbrella with its sliding knob, and the lidless coffee-pot. Wilson seemed quite overwhelmed. We put the presents into his arms, and he started off with them, whilst we peered over the top of the window-blinds and watched him stagger away down the road.

Then, at precisely the same moment as the knob of the umbrella slipped down the stick, the Chinese idol's head fell off. We hurriedly retreated from the window, drew the curtains, and retired to the back of the room; Wilson's clumsiness was nothing to do with us, and we really didn't feel called upon to go out in the rain and help him.

After waiting nearly half-an-hour, a slatternly maid-servant, whose tousled hair suggested that she had just got out of bed, carried in a tray, on which stood a chipped teapot, three cups and saucers of doubtful cleanliness, a joint of cold, half-raw mutton, and a stale loaf. It was fortunate that we were really hungry, or we might have felt tempted to wait for dinner.

Dinner at The Laurels was of the "small and early" order. The night was still young when we returned to our wretched hostelry, so we adjourned to the billiard-room to play a game or two before retiring. Bates and Simmons played a "50 up," whilst I chatted to an engaging stranger, who confessed that, although he took a great interest in the game, he had only played once or twice in his life.

After Bates and Simmons had finished, the stranger and I began to knock the balls about. Then he suggested that I should give him 25 in 100 and play him for half-a-sovereign. Well, I think I know something about billiards; so I considered he ought to be made to pay for playing with an expert.

"Make it a sovereign," I said, "and I'm your man."

He agreed, and, although I led all the way to 95, he actually got a fluke then, which gave him the game. I was rather annoyed, and offered to play him again at the same odds for two sovereigns. He assented, and again the same thing happened. Disgusted at my bad luck, for, of course, I was by far the better player, I was just about to challenge him to play "double or quits," when in came that ass Wilson.

Seeing me rather excited, for I am a keen sportsman, he must needs interfere by taking me aside and saying:

"Do you know this chap at all? I suppose he's been winning your money?"

"Yes, he has," I retorted, "and I'm going on till I get it back again."

Wilson said no more, but left the room. Before we could finish the next game, Wilson reappeared, accompanied by the landlord, who took one glance at my adversary, touched him on the arm, and silently motioned him to leave the place. The man meekly relinquished his cue, picked up his hat, and went. I was staggered.

"Awfully sorry to interfere" (of course he was only too glad!), "but I thought I'd ask the landlord if it was all quite square. When he came in, he recognised the fellow at once as a well-known billiard 'sharp.' I hope you haven't lost much money?"

"Yes," I snapped, "thanks to your interference. I should have won if you'd let us alone."

Wilson merely smiled as pleasantly as usual, and, bidding us good-night, left for his rooms.

Our beds must have been stuffed with brickbats, they were so awfully uncomfortable. It made one positively revile Wilson for bringing one to such a wretched place. Had he possessed any sense of shame, he would have expressed some contrition. All he did was to ask us to luncheon, and, after some demur, we consented, remembering

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that it would be cheaper. And, really, when we found everything spotlessly clean, and the meal excellently cooked, we could not help contrasting it with our own sorry lot, and reflecting on the utter selfishness of the man who could enjoy such luxuries whilst he allowed his friends to put up with the discomforts we were suffering.

Bates acted as "best man," and made a most stately ass of himself. He mislaid the ring, and eventually found it in the lining of his coat; split his lavender kid gloves, so that they were only fit to carry, by turning the palms outside, and put his foot through a bridesmaid's dress as she stood in the porch admiring—well, I won't say admiring, but talking with—me.

When it came to paying the fees after the ceremony, he got so muddled that he tipped the officiating clergyman the half-crown intended for the pew-opener, and presented the latter with a guinea, to the old lady's manifest astonishment and the parson's blank disgust.

We all kissed the bride, in the vestry. Poor girl! I think she sighed as she received my own salute, doubtless thinking bitterly that she would never get another such chance. What a fate to be married to that ass Wilson!

Back again at The Laurels, we refreshed liberally on sandwiches and champagne. I paid great attention to the chief bridesmaid, a really splendid girl. She stood a head taller than I, and I am at least five feet four, in not very high-heeled boots. Wilson took me aside, poked me in the ribs, and called me a "bit of a dog." After all, there's something very jolly about Wilson. I winked at him knowingly, and said:

Wilson reappeared, accompanied by the landlord, who took one glance at my adversary . . . and silently motioned him to leave the place.

"All right, my boy; she's a deuced fine girl and appreciates me!"

Then Wilson added:

"Take care, old fellow, don't go too far. I ought to warn you that she is already——"

But I was not going to have my fun spoilt by Wilson.

"My dear Wilson," I said haughtily, "I know what I'm doing."

"Yes, but you don't know that Miss Grosmont is already——"

"I don't know and I don't care," I rejoined defiantly, "but I'm going to flirt with her as much as I please."

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Then Miss Grosmont and I sat out in a cosy corner together, for half-an-hour. I brought her cakes and a glass of champagne, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I was up at the refreshment table, obtaining a fresh supply, when a big, ferocious-looking savage, who had just arrived at the house, accosted me abruptly.

"I don't know who you may be, sir," he said, in peculiarly brutal tones, "but I don't approve of your sitting in Miss Grosmont's pocket all the afternoon. Miss Grosmont, sir, is engaged to be married to me, sir."

This was rather a nasty jar. Wilson might just as well have warned me that the girl was engaged. I took the first opportunity of telling him so, too, pretty plainly. Whereupon he tried to get out of it by saying:

"My dear fellow, that's just what I was telling you, but you wouldn't listen."

Always an excuse ready. Sickening, I call it.

The savage was glowering at me as I stood, poising sandwiches in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other. His insult rankled deeply, and I stared quite rudely at him in revenge. I was not going to be trampled upon, so I said suddenly:

"Ha! Ha!"

"Hee Haw, I suppose you mean," he replied aggressively, and then, as, of course, I wished to avoid bloodshed in a peaceful home, I just put down the sandwich and the champagne and walked away slowly in a dignified manner. I took Wilson aside and complained of his guest's scurvy treatment of me, and five minutes later Wilson brought up the truculent villain to "shake hands and be friends." I thought the fellow was rather afraid of me; I have a terrible look in the eye whenever I'm angry; most people quail if they happen to notice it.

"All right," he said, "*I don't want to fight him*, little whippersnapper!" Of course the last words were purely malicious—the main body of the sentence clearly showed that he funked me.

Just before the time arrived for the bride and bridegroom to depart, I suggested to Bates that it would be a great joke to hide some of the wedding presents and pretend they had been stolen. So we quietly sneaked into the small room, where they were laid out on view, and were pocketing some of the smaller things when, most unexpectedly, a man, who we afterwards found was a detective in plain clothes, employed to watch the presents, suddenly caught us each by the collar, and, ignoring our strenuous protests, hauled us into the room where the guests were assembled. Maddened by the ignominy of the position, I made a desperate dash for liberty, but, in the act of turning, the detective grabbed my coat-tail and split it all up the back.

Wilson immediately rushed to the rescue, and we explained our joke, vehemently complaining of our disgraceful treatment by the hireling of the law. Things were soon put right, and, but for Wilson's mediation, I daresay I should have given the detective a piece of my mind.

When the "going-away time" approached, I, full of sandwiches and good feeling, suggested to Bates and Simmons that we three should take the horses out of the carriage and draw it to the railway station in triumph. This would not be a difficult task as the road was down hill all the way, and we quickly prepared for action. We fellows at Crogger, Prowle & Co.'s are rather daredevils, and we thought this would be a rollicking "send off" for one of our number.

It was—but not quite in the way we intended.

With me "to think is to see"—I mean, "to act is to do"—and directly the carriage drew up at the front door, we three rushed out and tried to unbuckle the horses; but one of them bit the elbow out of Bates' frock coat, and then we tipped the driver to try to see where the tangle of harness "undid." He got the beasts unharnessed, and then, seizing the splinter-bar, we awaited the coming of the happy pair.

Wilson was late, which I thought very bad form in any bridegroom. He had been hunting around for us to say good-bye. Of course, he had been searching the house instead of looking for us on the splinter-bar of the carriage. Just like Wilson; always searching in the wrong place! He seemed quite anxious as he said:

"Really, this is too flattering, and I feel awfully honoured by your idea, but don't you think you had better let them put the horses back again and——"

But we insisted, and the bride smiled at us so sweetly that we determined Wilson shouldn't have his own selfish way—we *would* draw the carriage ourselves, especially as it was all down hill.

He made one more attempt.

"Don't you think it would be safer if we were drawn to the station in the ordinary way?"

We all whistled tunes again to show that argument was useless, so at last Wilson got

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into the vehicle, and, amid loud cheers and a shower of rice, we started.

Just as we got the carriage fairly going, an old shoe, presumably cast for luck, hit me on the left ear, and looking up angrily, I saw that it was Miss Grosmont's truculent lover who had thrown it. I determined that if ever I met the ruffian again I would have my revenge. As it was, I loftily ignored the fellow, and he laughed and threw another which fortunately missed me.

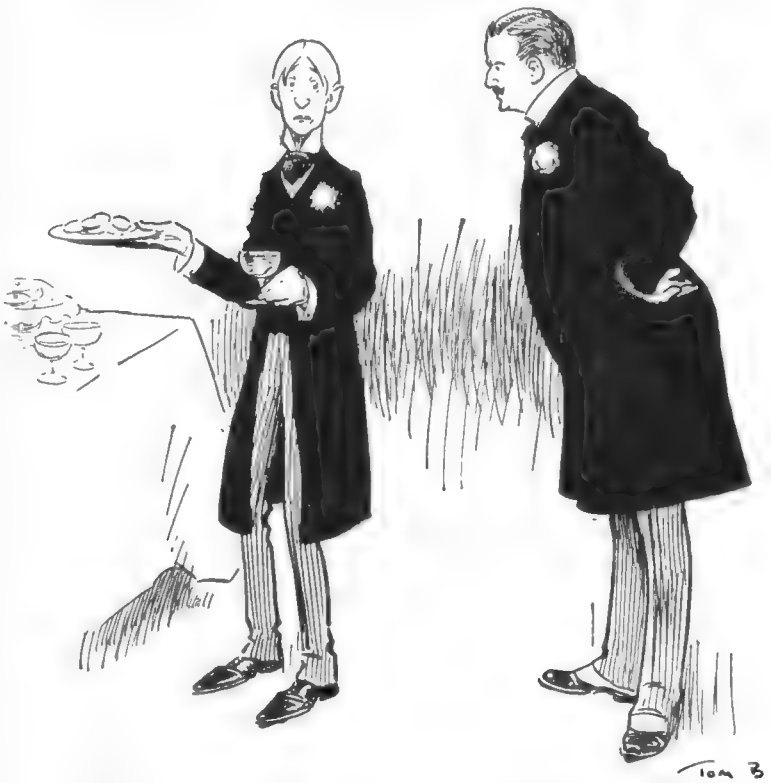
Before we had gone a hundred yards from the house, the ground fell so sharply that we no longer needed to pull at the splinter-bar, and a little further along, somewhat to our alarm, the heavy carriage began to "take charge." In other words, the usual order of things was suddenly reversed, and instead of our running off with the carriage, the carriage was running away with us!

At first we said nothing, and slid our feet along in futile efforts to act as human brakes; but as the pace grew faster and faster we shouted for help, finding we were going down the hill at a truly awful pace. Approaching the railway station we dimly saw a phalanx of school children drawn up in waiting for the happy pair — Miss Smith-Robinson had been a Sunday-school teacher, and these were her former pupils, assembled to do her honour.

At sight of the carriage, they all opened their mouths preparatory to throwing off a hymn of farewell; but the next moment the runaway vehicle was racing through their ranks, scattering them in all directions and changing their pæans of praise into howls of terror!

Onwards and downwards we shot, past the railway station, to the wild dismay of the little crowd assembled there to see the newly-married couple off. Down that never-ending hill, ruthless as the car of Juggernaut, swept the carriage, we three unhappy creatures clinging madly to the splinter-bar, breathless and panting, our smart clothes torn and smothered in mud.

Already, we could hear from the shouts behind that our desperate plight was perceived, and that a party of rescuers was in hot pursuit. We sent a dog flying head over heels, charged through a flock of chickens—immolating a rooster on the spot—and just as we had given ourselves up for lost, we heard



"I don't know who you may be, sir," he said, in peculiarly brutal tones, "but I don't approve of your sitting in Miss Grosmont's pocket all the afternoon."

a hard, rasping noise and the carriage slackened speed.

The brake had been applied and we were saved.

The vehicle was brought to a standstill, and, gasping and exhausted, we turned to see what had happened. The bridegroom had climbed from the interior of the carriage on to the box-seat, and shut down the brake. Once more had we been deliberately humiliated by the act of that ass Wilson!

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And, by way of adding to our annoyance, the bride pressed Wilson's hand, looked into his eyes, and thanked him for preserving her life. Not a word of gratitude to *us*, who had gone through so much (mud, at all events) whilst Wilson, in his usual selfish manner, had been comfortably sitting at his ease inside the carriage all the time.

Weary and bedraggled, our wedding garments torn to shreds, we returned to our wretched "hotel." Here, in silence, we packed up, and then called for the bill, which proved to be most extortionate. Each of us tried to blame the other two for choosing the Commercial Hotel, but then we all suddenly remembered that it was Wilson who had let us in for this lamentable place.

Wilson is, and always has been, the one rock on which we split. And it is all owing to our own extreme and foolish good nature.

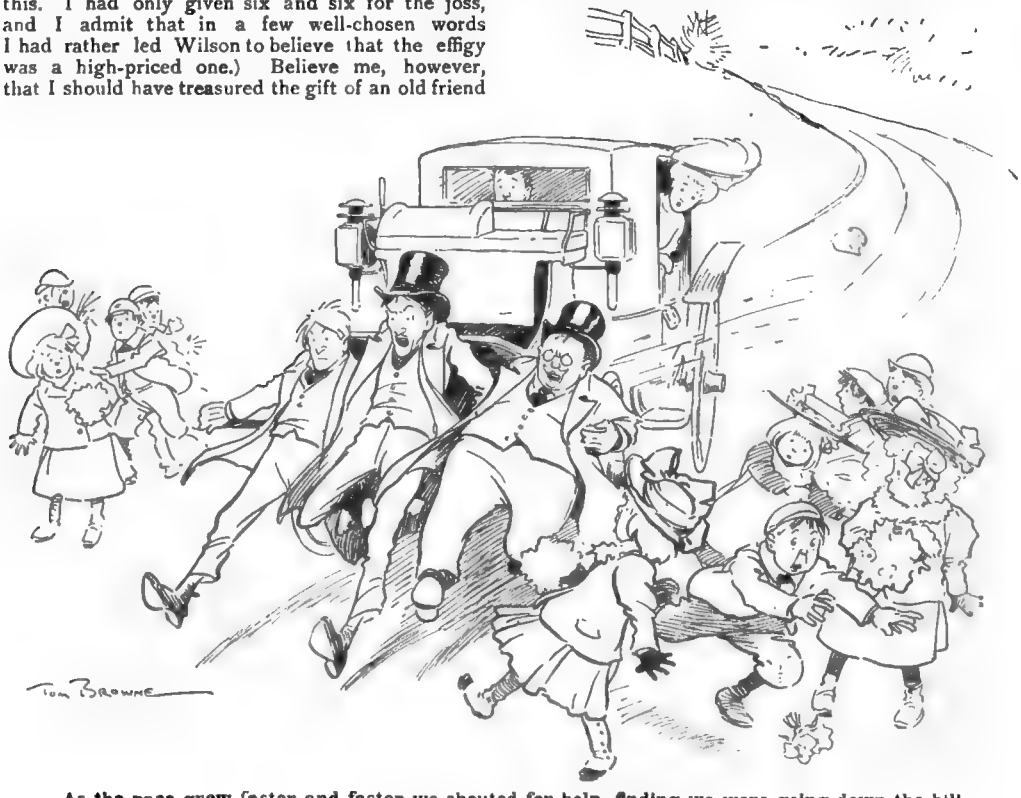
Two days after Wilson and his bride arrived home from their honeymoon, he wrote me the following letter:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I have only just discovered the actual value of your wedding present. (I felt rather queer at this. I had only given six and six for the joss, and I admit that in a few well-chosen words I had rather led Wilson to believe that the effigy was a high-priced one.) Believe me, however, that I should have treasured the gift of an old friend and brother clerk, just as much, even if I had been always left in ignorance of your great generosity. (Was he making fun of me or ——?) A friend of mine who happens to be an expert in precious stones, however, saw the idol yesterday, and immediately pronounced the eyes to be fine emeralds. (I almost groaned aloud.) And then, for the first time, I recognised what a splendid gift had been bestowed upon me. My wife joins me in thanking you most heartily. The joss is almost too good to place in our humble abode.

I put down the letter and wiped the perspiration from my heated brow. This was placing the finishing touch, with a vengeance, on all my sufferings for Wilson's sake. And the worst of it was that there was no earthly chance of getting the idol back again!

Wilson's conduct in keeping the joss, under the circumstances, amounted, in my opinion, to downright dishonesty; and what with this, my bitter experience with the billiard sharp, the scene with Miss Grosmont's bullying admirer, and the final incident of our inglorious journey, when we shot past the railway station hitched on to the splinter-bar of the carriage, I shall have good cause for remembering "that ass Wilson's wedding."



As the pace grew faster and faster we shouted for help, finding we were going down the hill at a truly awful pace.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

A Faithful Account of His Doings from the Time He Gets Up Till He Goes to Bed.

By "Cantab."

Tap, tap—tap.

"Hullo, what's that?" I shout.

"Half-past seven, sir," comes the voice of my bed-maker, and I dreamily begin to realise that I am back once more in college, and that the Easter term lies all before me.

Scarcely twelve hours have flown since I reported myself to my tutor, received a stately hand-shake, and signed my name in the book, an action that once more places me under college regulations. I say college regulations, but beyond the fact that the fines for infringing certain rules vary somewhat according to the college, in reality they are the laws of the University. Gate fines range from threepence for being out after ten o'clock at night, and twice the amount after eleven, to no fines at all. St. John's is the one college that enjoys the last delightful immunity—I do not, of course, include one's arrival in college after midnight, which in the eyes of the University is a most serious offence, and may incur anything from a half-crown fine to rustication—and it owes it to the benevolence of an old lady who, many years ago, left a sum of money to be devoted exclusively to the payment of the gate-fines incurred at that college.

The more important regulations are set forth in fifty-one pages, bound in a deeper blue than Cambridge is wont to uphold, and bearing the title: "A Compendium of University Regulations, for the use of persons *in statu pupillari*," and is priced sixpence. I studied that book, which was presented to me by my tutor, late into the night, and by the next day had a fairly complete knowledge of the "musts" and "must nots" of the University.

The former treated mainly of the ways and means of obtaining a degree, the examinations necessary, scholarships, and prizes. The latter—these I felt would interest me more immediately—were contained in five pages, briefly headed "Discipline." There I found that I must wear my academical dress "in decent order and in the proper manner." At the time the rule appeared to me to be superfluous and unworthy of its position at the head of the list. But now—my cap! I shudder as I think of it—cornerless, quivering, its once immaculate squareness now limp, and violently susceptible to the slightest breeze.

No doubt one fine evening I shall receive a gentle tap on my shoulder and a polite invitation from one of two gentlemen in top hats: "The Proctor wishes to speak to you, sir." And then—ten paces, and I shall be standing before one of these learned eyes of 'Varsity "decorum," and before I fully realise the extent of the calamity shall be asked if I really do not think my cap most disgraceful and unseemly to wear in public. The hateful breeze—there is invariably one on such occasions—will emphasise his query

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by setting all four corners simultaneously in violent agitation. Excuse will be useless. I shall be mute, and thus receive the intelligence that I must buy another cap, and on the morrow bring to him the one he has condemned.

Academical dress—in words less pompous plain cap and gown—must always be worn in the streets after dusk, and when calling on a Don in his official capacity. To the majority of men this first rule of University "discipline" is by far the most important and inconvenient. (Others refer to gaming, pigeon-shooting, horse-racing, etc., all of which are forbidden.) It is the one that will, in all probability, lead to their first introduction to the Proctor, mainly because it also forbids smoking in the street in cap and gown under a penalty of six-and-eightpence fine.

But the many regulations of college life do not bother me just now nearly so much as does the sudden clanging of the chapel bell.

Ding, ding, each note precisely the same number of seconds distant from the last, tolled by the same hand that has tolled it for the last twenty years. How near that bell seems to bring the last term! I do not appear to have been absent a single day, yet over five weeks have passed since last it rang in my ears.

How different this term will be from the last two! No more soccer, no more rugger, no more hockey. I thank the Fates that our boating captain dispensed with my services after my first fortnight's "tubbing."

"Tubbing" is what every "fresher," or first year man, who expresses a desire to go down to the river, has to go through in his first term, or at any rate for a part of it. A second year man usually takes command of the boat whilst the unfortunate "freshmen" at the oars labour to acquire what their coach informs them is "the one and only style in the world in which to row." One by one, as the term advances, the "freshers" are weeded out, until, perhaps, out of all, only six or eight are given a place in the Lent races. But the joy of rowing in the "Lents" is insignificant when compared with that of representing one's college in the May races, so called as someone has facetiously although truthfully remarked, because they invariably take place in June.

Bellakins, who keeps just over me, hopes to find a seat in the college "eights." He yearns to gain his boating colours, to wear the college arms on the pocket of his blazer, to "sport" special socks, but above all to don "shorts," or boating "knickers." Now he has to turn out in ordinary flannel trousers; for just as the old-time squire, when dubbed a knight, was said to win his spurs, so also must the boating man win his "shorts," that is, row in his college eights at the May races.

Should Bellakins still continue to find favour, in a few weeks he will see his name on the notice board, amongst others, down for a strict course of training. College rules one may at times avoid, but not the strict rules of dietary and mode of living required of one destined for his college eights—ten o'clock to bed, seven o'clock to rise, a brisk walk, followed immediately by a breakfast in Hall, sufficient for any two ordinary men to demolish, before the boating captain beams approval. Men that conform to such severities fall little short of heroes. Still, every man to his taste, and mine is not to handle the oar, so at least the second year man who undertook my "tubbing" gave me most plainly to understand.

Thump, thump! No sleep-inducing knock this that now thunders on my door.

"Great Scot, still in bed!" The voice is that of Bellakins, and his presence is annoyingly prominent. He is wearing his gown, so I conclude that he has dropped in on his way to morning chapel. He fires a few uncomplimentary remarks at me on my laziness, then, recollecting, announces that he has been deputed by Shaw, who keeps (one must never use the word "live" in Cambridge when referring to the whereabouts of a man's rooms) on the first floor, to remind me that he will be at my room for breakfast in ten minutes, and is not anxious to die of starvation whilst I dress. Shaw and two other men breakfast with me this morning. To-morrow Shaw will be our host, and one of the other two on the succeeding days. Our little circle continues through the term, broken occasionally by one or the other of us absenting ourselves to "brekker" elsewhere.

Breakfast arrives under silver covers from the buttery or college kitchen; and by and by my guests stroll in. A desultory conversation begins, which waxes freer as the meal advances. With a spoonful of "squish"—without marmalade no breakfast in Cambridge is considered complete—and a final cup of coffee we all rise, and in the *négligé* attire of grey flannel trousers, Norfolk jacket, and pumps, stroll down the ivy-clad cloisters to the College reading-room.

Half-an-hour passes pleasantly enough there, mingled with occasional comments on

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county cricket scoring, or criticisms on current politics by our political aspirant. By ten o'clock the room is almost empty. Most of us have lectures at this hour.

Outside in the paved court, with its well-groomed lawns brilliant in the fresh verdure of early spring, I pass men in gowns hastening towards the room I have just left. Lucky dogs! —I would not have made the remark an hour ago. Their first "lekker" began at nine—a most unearthly hour until the clock strikes ten—and now they are free until their next lecture, perhaps until twelve o'clock.

I slip on my gown and, picking up what books I shall require, take a short cut across the grass.

At the notice board, opposite the dining-hall, I stay a moment to glance at the lecture list which is posted there. When I have more time I shall take a copy of those which I must attend; but just now it is enough for me to know that I am due in lecture-room A, and already five minutes late.

Hastening to my room, I slip on my gown and, picking up what books I shall require, take a short cut across the grass at the not unlikely risk of incurring a half-crown fine.

As I enter the lecture-room, my tutor, grey-haired, and much versed in classic learning, raises his eyes in mild reproof. He makes no comment on my late arrival. I rather wish he would. Instead, he glances at his watch and then at me in a manner that implies far more than many words.

Before a long table a dozen men are seated. One of them is construing a Latin author, in which all will be examined towards the end of the term. Some bend over their books, taking careful note of the lecture, whilst others appear bored and gaze abstractedly at the window.

Near the table, with legs crossed and supporting his book, sits our lecturer, his long, black gown trailing from his shoulders to the floor. About the room are other tables with chairs drawn up and sheets of paper laid out before each. A well-filled library of classic works, a blackboard, and a shelf on which repose a few fragments of Greek inscriptions on stone, complete the furniture.

Presently the lecturer looks up.

"Mr. F——, will you please go on," he says.

Mr. F—— sighs deeply, and frantically endeavours to find the place. Up to the present his thoughts have possessed more originality than the time requires. However, with the friendly help of the man sitting next to him, he finds the place and begins to translate. Thus the lecture proceeds, interspersed every few minutes by comments from our tutor, or an occasional story which some particular passage has awakened.

At eleven o'clock I have once more returned to my room. Men pass and re-pass my window, some in gowns and carrying books on their way to lectures, others returning.

There, sauntering about in carpet slippers and smoking a cigarette, is the man who cuts all "lekkers," and when haled before his tutor explains that he has abandoned his Tripos (he calls it "Trip." at other times) and of course it is simply ridiculous for him to dream of working for a mere ordinary degree. He is the man who usually has plenty of money, so whether he works or whether he does not is of little consequence. Just now he is wandering about, hoping to find someone with whom to pass the morning. He enters this room and that only to find the occupants flown.

Many people seem to imagine that the University curriculum contains little beyond boating, cricket, and other sports. Work, when it concerns the 'Varsity, they regard as a polite fiction. Yet there are few men, if any, who can honestly say they have taken

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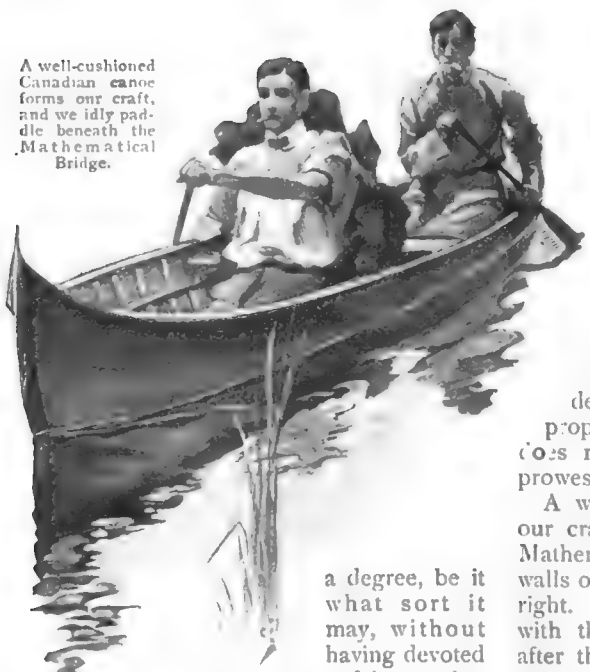

A well-cushioned Canadian canoe forms our craft, and we idly paddle beneath the Mathematical Bridge.

a degree, be it what sort it may, without having devoted a fair portion of their three years to reading.

Again, at twelve o'clock I have to attend another "lekker," and at one I am free, so far as they are concerned, for the rest of the day. As I go back to my room I find a small group of men standing around the notice board. Several slips of paper have been pinned up since the first part of the morning. There is the "eights" list, due out at three this afternoon, and the cricket eleven down to play an out match, no tennis, but I recall that I have booked a court for half-past four.

Bellakins wanders up at this moment, and I agree to accompany him to the river at 2.45. Meanwhile, we decide to snatch a hasty lunch and go canoeing down the Backs.

The part of Father Cam known as the Backs enjoys the complete confidence of the University authorities, whereas it is by no means the pleasantest or the safest stretch in which to be overturned—and Cambridge canoes have a peculiar aptitude for upsetting. On the right hand side following the stream the dingy, moss-grown walls of several colleges rise up, and the other side is walled for some distance several feet above the water. Here anyone may boat without restriction.

Towards Newnham the scene is very different. The stream flows between delightful pastureland and wooded slopes. The whole surrounding is one of charming innocency to all but the paternal eye of the Senate. To it the stream is fraught with unseen dangers, and "no undergraduate member of the University" may venture on this part without possessing a certificate signed by his tutor, stating that he can swim with ease a hundred yards.

However, Bellakins and I do not desire to go beyond the Backs, and the proprietor of the boathouse in Silver Street does not demand proof of our swimming prowess.

A well-cushioned Canadian canoe forms our craft, and we idly paddle beneath the Mathematical Bridge with the brown brick walls of Queens' casting their shadow on our right. We pass by several college grounds, with their smooth, green lawns, fashioned after the famous recipe—watered a hundred years, rolled a hundred years, then cut a hundred years. Away across a lovely stretch of grass King's College Chapel rises in stately grandeur, and Clare Bridge looms ahead with its great stone balls. Of the latter it is said one falls into the Cam when Clare can claim the Senior Wrangler.

On we paddle, picking our way past numberless canoes, some with sails, running gaily before the wind, others flapping perilously as their occupants endeavour to tack in the limited waters at their disposal.

At half-past two we are back again in our room. Bellakins changes into boating "togs"—a flimsy vest, long flannel trousers, light slippers, and a boating blazer, and, mounting our cycles, we ride down King's Parade—K.P. is what everyone calls it!—turn through the Market Square, the scene of many a famous "rag," down Petty Cury, past Sidney and Jesus. On every side men, some with cricket-bags, others with tennis racquets, all resplendent in blazers, are hastening off on cycles. They dash out of unexpected by-streets, reckless of themselves and others, accidents are averted by hairs' breadths, and the lumbering, smoky motor-'bus adds to the confusion.

We pass a party of men on polo ponies, and many in "shorts" on their way to the river. The quarter-mile of road across Midsummer Common we soon accomplish, and once more stand upon the banks of Father

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Cam. Extended before us on the other side are the boathouses of various colleges, each with its flag flying. At our feet the bank is walled up with cement, stretching in a grey line as far as the eye can see. There is life in this rippling reach. Every moment the animation increases. Men come here to row, not to "laze" about and smoke. No indolent canoe ventures in these waters. Here is the training place of men that one day may find a seat in the great race from Putney to Mortlake.

A long, slim craft rushes swiftly past us, with its eight red-bladed oars carving the ripples into little whirlpools.

"Bow, you are late," shouts the coach through a megaphone. He wears white flannels and a mud-bespattered boating blazer, and follows the boat on horseback. He is a merciless critic. "Bow, you are doing no work," we hear his voice bawling. And bow, panting frantically, endeavours to put more "back" behind his oar.

A lumbering wherry, green with age and rotting wood, looms in their track.

"Ease—her, e—ease—her," bellows the small, red-blazered cox.

First Trinity launch their boat. Then the Hall puts out. From every boathouse "eights" are turning out.

"There's D——, the Blue," Bellakins remarks, as First Trinity paddles past. "Rowed four, you know, against Oxford." And then, raising his hand to his mouth, he sings out: "Gri—ind, gri—ind."

A flat-bottomed craft, almost square, and railed on either side, moves slowly towards us from the opposite bank. It is worked either by a man on shore turning a wheel around which an endless chain revolves, connected with the raft, or by the same operation being performed on board the thing itself.

Taking his cycle with him, Bellakins steps on to the grind, and, leaving him, I ride to the Union. Here, once a week during term, the members of the Cambridge Union Society meet, and subjects of current and public interest are discussed by men who some day may find a seat in the Cabinet. But no angry voices or thunderous outbursts of applause rise from within at this hour of the day, and I turn into the smoking-room. There, only too quickly, half-an-hour flies, and I rise, suddenly mindful that I am due out to tea in another five minutes.

Announcing myself with a couple of taps, I enter a room in which several undergraduates are seated in various positions of ease. My host vacates a chair for me, and raises a plate of muffins. I am introduced to a stranger, and the conversation continues at the point my entrance hindered. On my right is a Union man, with long hair and a booming voice. He has lately been elected to the committee, and has ambitions towards the presidency.

My host hands me a cup of tea, and indicates the cake. Such an incident may appear at first trifling. But when it is considered that cake and present-day Cambridge life go hand in hand the allusion is

I enter a room in which several undergraduates are seated in various positions of ease.

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worth its place. Coffee, cake, and cigarettes, one might say, are the three "C's" of Cambridge social life. One need not smoke cigarettes if not disposed, but one must eat cake and quaff cups of, alas, often "murderous" coffee.

Between the tea, and cake, and cigarettes, the conversation changes from one subject to another. Now the chances of the various college boats in the May races are discussed, or the Socialist from the Union displays his theories to an audience that is only sympathetic when the *meum et tuum* axiom lies between them and millionaires.

Presently the Union man rises, and with a "See you at the House to-morrow!"—this to our host—takes himself off. I follow his example, and hurry off to fulfil my engagement at the tennis courts. An hour and a half's desperate activity follows, and I am not sorry to arrive back to a sponge bath and change of attire. I have scarcely completed my toilet before the chapel bell begins to ring. Very soon—for the bell has begun ten minutes earlier than usual—I know that it is a "White" Chapel, or one at which we all wear surplices. At other times we wear gowns, but on Sundays, Saturday nights, and Saints' days our surplices. A minute before half-past six I enter the chapel and take my seat in the front row of the stalls, which is reserved exclusively for freshers. Next term, when by force of time I shall have assumed the dignity of a second year man, I shall be entitled to sit in the second row. As I entered just now, the porter carefully marked my arrival on a sheet, and, as each man comes in, his presence is recorded. From time to time the Dean examines the attendance sheet, and, should any man have fallen down to less than four chapels in the week, he politely cautions him "to mend his ways."

Punctually at the half-hour the choir marches in, followed by the President, the Tutors, the Dean, and other Dons. The service lasts thirty minutes, and when the clock strikes seven I am standing amongst a crowd of men in gowns waiting for the Hall bell to ring for dinner.

When it does, which is usually two minutes after chapel concludes, we enter and remain standing until from another door the President, followed by the Tutors, Dean, and other Dons, in order of their precedence, comes in. A Latin grace is then read by a third year man, and amidst the din of shifting forms and a babel of tongues we take our seats. The meal is a particularly expeditious one. Only the Dons, recumbent in red-morocco chairs, feast with solemn leisure. Their table is at right angles to the rest, and on guest nights is brilliant with silver candelabra.

And so I light my reading-lamp, arrange my books, and draw my chair up to the table.

In ones and twos, according to the promptness with which our needs have been supplied, we leave the Hall, and pass a quiet quarter of an hour strolling about the courts and cloisters—the grass is sacred ground—and smoking cigarettes. The evening is a warm one, and sipping cups of coffee with a couple of men who have dropped in, we watch the sky pale from a gorgeous crimson to the white-greenness of a spring evening.

Across the court the merry strains of a pianola fall on our ears, followed closely by the sound of a familiar song. A dark figure, now confident in the fast fading light, dashes across the grass, and pausing beneath a window shouts lustily. Then a head emerges from the window, and a conversation ensues. Slowly the light fails, and the ancient buildings loom up in blackest silhouette. Soon bats emerge from ancient crannies and an owl hoots in the chestnuts. "It is the hour when rest begins for sorrowing men," but for me it is the time to work. And so I light my reading-lamp, arrange my books, and draw my chair up to the table.

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BOBBINS.

BY GEO. A. BEST.

A True Story.

The main incidents of this story are founded on facts which were quite recently reported in the daily Press. A baby of fourteen months was, under still more tragic circumstances, actually left alone to its own devices for a period of four days. During that time the infant developed to an amazing degree the instincts of self-preservation, ransacking the house in search of food, and visiting every room. In this story the writer has endeavoured to analyse the thoughts and feelings of the little sufferer, and to describe the exigencies of such a situation from the baby's point of view.

BOBBINS had cried for "Mummy" and "foo-foo" for a full two hours. Mummy had never left him for so long before, and the only other god which Bobbins worshipped—a white jug with a broken handle—looked down coldly upon him from the dresser shelf. The baby stretched out his chubby arms and made a final appeal to the stony heart of the white jug.

"Foo-foo!" he cried, "tum-er-Bobbins!"

But as the empty vessel made no attempt to leap down to the floor at Bobbins' feet, the infantile prayer changed suddenly to a prolonged roar of mingled wrath and grief. It dawned slowly on the child's mind that foo-foo was unable to move without mummy, and he turned sorrowfully towards the street door and cried again for the other, and stronger, friend who could transform the cold, white jug into a thing of warmth and comfort.

"Mummy" was a widow, and the cottage wherein she dwelt with no other companion than Bobbins occupied a lonely and an isolated position. The nearest house was a full mile distant; the widow had made no friends in the neighbourhood, and during the winter months she was compelled to leave the fourteen-months-old baby imprisoned behind a barricade of chairs in the kitchen whenever she left the cottage to purchase a supply of food from the neighbouring village.

Usually she was back again in the cottage, accompanied by a basketful of parcels and a sugar-stick for Bobbins, within three-quarters of an hour from the time of departure. But on this occasion the baby realised that mummy and the sugar-stick were both long overdue; for although time, as we understand it, had no meaning to Bobbins, an invisible clock, deep down in the child's anatomy, informed him that mummy had been far too long away, and that is why he made his first appeal to the jug with the broken handle, which had hitherto, in some mysterious way, acted in conjunction with the invisible clock.

But while Bobbins was sobbing out inarticulate prayers to an inanimate object, mummy was lying unconscious within the walls of a hospital a dozen miles away from the lonely cottage by the roadside. And the same motor-car which had struck her down carried the poor woman further and still further away from the pathetic little figure imprisoned in its barricade of overturned chairs, until the distant town was reached, and the limp and apparently lifeless body carried into the infirmary ward, where gentle hands removed the shabby and dust-stained clothes, and fingers, almost as gentle, but stronger of purpose and firmer of touch, bound together the torn flesh and set the fractured bone.

It was not until all this had been accomplished that inquiries were made respecting the identity of the patient. Her clothing was searched for a possible clue without any result, and the skirt pocket revealed nothing but a few shillings and a broken sugar-stick

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wrapped in tissue paper. So, for the present, the latest case was simply referred to as No. 15, and while the tireless watchers in the hospital waited hour after hour for a sign of returning consciousness on the part of the Unknown, little Bobbins continued to cry aloud for "mummy," to make frantic appeals to the closed door, and to heap infantile imprecations upon the helplessness and inconceivable stupidity of the deformed white jug which stood on the kitchen dresser.

Bobbins eventually fell into a troubled sleep, and the tiny clock on the kitchen mantelpiece ticked out a couple of hours before he awoke again to an empty and desolate world. Mummy had not come back; the fire had disappeared from the grate, and the jug still mocked him with its cruel suggestions of comfort and warmth. A black cat, with very green eyes, walked majestically into the kitchen from the adjoining room.

Bobbins hailed its advent with a wild shriek of delight.

Perhaps this soft and silken thing, which kept pins in its feet, could awaken the white jug to a sense of its responsibilities. Perhaps also it could light the fire and carry Bobbins up to bye-bye, when his feet were nicely warmed. The child's sense of proportion was lost in the one great desire which held possession of his little heart. He stretched out his arms and spoke appealingly.

"Foo-foo! Pity putty, bing foo-foo!" he cried.

The cat stretched itself and yawned rudely in Bobbins' face. The widely-opened mouth seemed to indicate to the child that the animal understood. Bobbins waited expectantly. He emitted a roar of approval when the cat sprang lightly on to the dresser-shelf and advanced stealthily towards the white jug. It peeped into the vessel, and, realising the emptiness thereof, turned over on to its back, and began to play with an imaginary ball.

This barren performance disgusted Bobbins beyond measure. The wonderful imagination of the feline did not appeal to him in the slightest, and its clownish antics, which would have afforded him infinite amusement under more favourable circumstances, now exasperated him greatly. He yelled so lustily that the ears of the cat twitched with annoyance. Not caring for uncouth noises which were not of her own making, pussy jumped down on to the hearthrug and retired, sideways, from the room. In the adjoining parlour were to be found peace and quietness and a soft cushion. The cat liked peace and quietness and soft cushions. She only visited the kitchen when she felt cold or hungry.

The light was beginning to wane by this time, and still Bobbins sat within his fortifications, waiting for the sound of that magic footfall, and that welcome click of the latch which would herald his good fairy, and bring about a transformation scene which would convert the cold, dark kitchen into a palace of light and comfort.

The child no longer cried, hungry and thirsty though he was, for he realised, somehow, that he was all alone in this place of shadows and gloom, and the darkness awed and terrified him as it had never done before. And the lumb despair of the pathetic little figure which sat in the corner, with its soiled pinafore, dust-begrimed face, and widely-opened eyes, was infinitely more pitiful, far more tragic than were the heart-breaking sobs which had so scandalised and offended Bobbins' only living companion.

The baby sat staring at nothing, thinking of nothing, until his swollen eyelids closed automatically, and the tiny head sank lower and lower until it was pillowed on the bare boards of the flooring. Then a chubby arm was placed beneath the tear-stained cheek, and many hours afterwards Bobbins awoke to forget that the night had been and gone, and with no recollection of the black interval which had passed since he had last heard his own voice.

Bobbins' return to consciousness was marked by an amazing increase of intelligence and resource. The animal instinct of self-preservation was strong within him. He felt active of limb and ravenously hungry. His first glance upon awakening fell upon the white jug, but he no longer attempted to coax the vessel to fly down to him and empty its imagined contents into his open mouth.

It was quite evident that the white jug, for reasons which Bobbins did not attempt to analyse, would not come down to him; therefore, he must go up to the white jug. Bobbins was beginning to think. He glanced at the barricade with an intelligent eye, looking for a means of escape. There was a hole in the cane bottom of one of the chairs—a hole which formed the entrance to a small cage bounded by parallel bars. Bobbins thrust his head through the hole and peeped furtively between the bars in the direction of freedom. His shoulders, working energetically, forced their way through the splintered cane, and he dived

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suddenly into the smaller prison. As the barricade was not constructed to resist a determined onslaught of this kind, it toppled over with the invader inside, and in another instant Bobbins found himself lying outside the fortifications.

The baby had gained his first victory.

But the escape had been accomplished at the expense of a bruised forehead and a badly scratched neck, so Bobbins had won his spurs in right royal fashion. He marked the occasion by indulging in a long outburst of bitter weeping; and as he cried he gazed longingly at the door, feeling certain that mummy would now appear to "kiss the place well."

He had never before cried in vain for "mummy" in a crisis of this kind; but now the door remained closed, and although the comforter was no doubt standing just on the other side, she either could not or would not hear him. A mind slightly more developed than was Bobbins' might have suspected the existence of a conspiracy between mummy and the mis-shapen jug, but Bobbins' intellect was not yet sufficiently enlarged to entertain suspicions of any kind.

Still whimpering, but consumed with a fierce determination, and encouraged by a faith which was strong enough to remove mountains, Bobbins crawled rapidly towards the dresser. Placing his hand on the knob of the cupboard door, the child drew himself up to his full height, only to realise that a great wooden precipice still separated him from the desire of his heart. After standing on the tips of his naked toes and waving his disengaged hand helplessly towards the dresser top, Bobbins lost his balance and sat down suddenly and somewhat painfully.

His shoulders, working energetically, forced their way through the splintered cane.

The shock turned his thoughts in a new direction. He remembered that once before he had fallen in a similar way while he was trying to climb on to a chair. Mummy always climbed on to a chair when she wanted to reach something from the top shelf of the dresser. There was a chair close at hand, and Bobbins approached it with the caution and respect which are born of experience.

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He also hurled down a wooden bread-board, and seemed greatly surprised when it rolled into a distant corner of the room without breaking.

Using the horizontal bars as a ladder, the baby pulled himself up inch by inch, until his knees rested on the hard wooden bottom. Then he gripped the back of the chair and stood, swaying perilously, with his face on a level with the dresser top. In another moment the coveted white jug was within easy reach of his short arm, and Bobbins grasped it eagerly.

He sat down in the chair with the vessel held tightly in both hands (upside down!) and prepared to enjoy his hardly-earned meal. Slowly turning the jug round and raising it until the rim rested between his four teeth, Bobbins threw back his head, and, closing his eyes, sucked furiously. As this action brought no recompense, he shook the thing and ground his tiny teeth against the hard porcelain, biting in turn at the handle and rim with rising ferocity. Then the jug slipped through his fingers, and, falling to the ground, broke into a dozen pieces.

Bobbins forgot his anger for a moment. It was really interesting and funny to see things smash in that way! He rose once more to his feet and surveyed the dresser top. There was a blue cup within easy reach, so Bobbins sent it down to join the mutilated remains of his faithless friend. He also hurled down a wooden bread-board, and seemed greatly surprised when it rolled into a distant corner of the room without breaking. The new game was fascinating enough, but Bobbins' interest in the pastime was not long maintained. It appealed to him just as a magnificent display of fireworks would appeal to a starving tramp.

The bread-board had held a hard, stale crust, and this morsel Bobbins secured and ate greedily. Climbing down to the floor after his scanty meal, the baby lay for awhile on the hearthrug and sucked his toes by way of dessert. Then he crept into the parlour, and, catching the cat asleep, made

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an ineffectual attempt to devour her alive! Pussy resented this treatment by driving four of her sharpest "pins" into Bobbins' arm, and once again a baby's bitter cry for "mummy" rang through the silent house.

Bobbins spent the remainder of that long and dreary morning in a vain search for food and water, and as the leaden hours passed by without bringing him the comfort and satisfaction for which he craved, so the baby's mind became more and more active and resourceful. He made "prospecting" excursions into the darkest and most dismal of corners, tearing up the carpet where it was loose, and cunningly sifting the accumulated dust for breadcrumbs and edible scraps.

He pulled open such of the drawers within reach as did not defy his infantile strength, scattering their contents on the cottage floor, and sampling every likely object with the air of a connoisseur. Clothes pegs were eagerly bitten and hastily cast aside; an old shoe—perhaps the most promising of a score of discarded articles—was sucked with such pathetic earnestness that the tears rolled down Bobbins' cheeks, more as the result of a severe physical effort than from grief at the scanty satisfaction which the operation afforded.

Late in the afternoon, after Bobbins had derived some slight satisfaction from the leaves of a withered geranium plant, which he devoured ravenously, it occurred to him that there were rooms far away—quite close to the sky, in fact!—which he had not yet explored. In these rooms he remembered that biscuits were sometimes kept—they appeared quite mysteriously when he awoke in the morning, having been placed under his pillow by the good fairy on the preceding night.

In his helpless baby days Bobbins would have waited until the good fairy had raised his pillow and placed the delicious morsel in his hand. Now he was seriously meditating upon the possibilities of a dangerous and difficult climb, "half way to the sky," to find that selfsame pillow and haul it away from the hidden treasure!

"Foo-foo! Up!" he exclaimed, pointing to the staircase which led from the kitchen to cloudland. And although Bobbins thought only in monosyllables, his purpose was none the less desperate.

The gesture which accompanied the words was an inflexible command—the "up" was his "excelsior"! By way of encouragement, he repeated it frequently during his journey across the room, and he paused to point solemnly at the carpet-covered "Matterhorn" at each repetition.

Another hour passed by before Bobbins reached the distant "treasure chamber," an hour of strenuous toil punctuated by hard knocks and bruised fingers; an hour of carpeted precipices bounded by furlongs of balustrade and miles of wall paper; an hour of aching limbs, and of straining, panting exertion.

* * * * *

The searchers, hastily dispatched from the hospital as soon as "Mummy" had regained consciousness, found Bobbins early on the following morning. He was lying on a pillow which had been pulled on to the floor; and the men wondered at the apparently inconceivable intelligence of an infant who, although unable to walk, had "gone up to bed" in the orthodox way. They knew nothing of the "hidden treasure" which had suggested the journey to the baby's mind, and, being only rough countrymen, they altogether misinterpreted the meaning of the overturned water ewer in the bedroom, the broken jug on the kitchen floor, and the empty flower pot on the hearthrug in the parlour.

"Young rascal's bin 'avin' a rare smash-up to keep 'imself amused," said one, raising Bobbins from the ground with rough kindness. "Must be 'ungry, poor little soul!"

And the child, with a sleepy little cry for "mummy" and "foo-foo," allowed himself to be carried down the "Matterhorn" without protest; and while his food was being hurriedly prepared by a female sympathiser in the kitchen, he roared quite as lustily as of yore.

For, now that the long-deferred help had arrived, Bobbins had become a baby once more.

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Readers are Requested to Submit Photographs of Curiosities, Accompanied by a Short Description, to the Editor, who will Pay Liberally for Accepted Contributions.

Copyright Stereograph *Keystone View Co.*
A Captain of U.S. cavalry in an uncomfortable fix. There is only a branch between him and the bear.

AN AWKWARD POSITION.

THE story of an American officer who went bear-shooting with a companion fully illustrates the truth of the adage: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The officers agreed to separate, and the gallant captain in the picture was soon on the track of a "grizzly." On coming sufficiently close to the animal to get a good shot he fired, and inflicted a slight wound in the animal's head, which merely served to enrage it.

The bear made for the hunter, who took steady aim and attempted to fire again, but, unluckily, the cartridge jammed so that the breech action of the rifle refused to work.

The unfortunate man, as the bear was hard upon him, made for a tree. The one he chose was not very suitable for his purpose, since it only had one branch near the ground, and that was too near to be comfortable in the circumstances.

The captain remained as in the picture till his brother officer happened to find him, and released him by shooting the bear.

A BURMESE PRIEST'S FUNERAL.

IN Burma the indigenous clergy have very imposing funerals, the rites lasting several days.

When a Burmese "Pongyi," or Buddhist priest, dies, his remains are placed upon a large and magnificently decorated car, such as the one which will be noticed in the foreground of the picture. To either end of this car long ropes are attached, and then ensues what, according to Western ideas, is an extremely indecorous and irreverent performance.

Numerous Burmans seize hold of the ropes at each end of the car, and a species of tug-of-war follows, causing the car bearing the deceased to rock about in a most lively fashion. This, in Burma, is the very highest honour that can be paid the dead.

On the final day of the funeral ceremonies, the body is placed upon an elaborate catafalque, composed of a framework of bamboo gorgeously decorated with coloured paper and gold leaf, and built in the form of a pagoda. The pyre is then ignited by means of large rockets running on wires.

Cremation is extremely common in India, and a horrible custom in connection therewith has been stopped by the Government.

Widows formerly flung themselves on to their husbands' funeral pyres and suffered themselves to be consumed, this being, in the eyes of the gods, according to the teaching of the priests, a highly meritorious action.

The cremation of a Burmese "Pongyi" or Buddhist priest. The funeral pyre is ignited by means of rockets running on wires.

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OUR AMAZONS.

A Warlike Girls' Brigade at Islington.

Captain E. C. Baker, who fought with the Guards through the Egyptian Campaign of 1884-5, has formed the Islington Drill Brigade of the North London Bands of Hope. Four hundred young people have been enrolled, three hundred and fifty of whom are girls, who, in a uniform of scarlet blouse, trimmed with white braid, dark blue skirt, and red tarboosh as head-dress, look particularly smart and soldierly.

Buglers sounding the "Assembly."

The girls have a bugle band which performs most creditably, and leads them when on the march. Captain Baker, who is a giant of 6ft. 3in., instructs the Brigade in drill and the other arts of war once a week, and his daughters are amongst the officers. Particular mention should be made of Sergeant-Major Kitty, the Captain's youngest girl, thirteen years of age, who led a company at the Drill Display given by the North London Bands of Hope at the Alexandra Palace last October.

Mrs. Baker, who is also an officer, says that the girls love drilling. "Three were consumptive on joining," she remarked, "but now they are as healthy as possible."

It was the Islington Drill Brigade that won the coveted prize banner of the London United Temperance Council at the Crystal Palace last year.

The Brigade was formed because the local Bands of Hope realised that young people needed other attractions besides Temperance addresses when gathered together.

Photo *H. Hamilton & Co.*

Captain Baker, late of the Guards, with a detachment of his present command. On the left of the lady in a nurse's uniform is Sergeant-Major Kitty Baker, the Captain's youngest daughter, age 13.

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Photo *Scientific Amer. co.*

A statue of Agassiz at San Francisco after the earthquake.

CURIOUS RESULT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

One of the most extraordinary results of the recent earthquake at San Francisco was the way in which it served a handsome marble statue of Agassiz.

This statue was found head downwards in the ground, buried up to the shoulders.

Although everyone appreciates the enormous damage done by this earthquake, yet some of the losses it has occasioned are peculiarly deplorable. For instance, the priceless collection in the magnificent Lick Academy of Sciences was found to have vanished completely. All the replicas of historic, paleontological, and geological finds were consumed by the fire, doing irreparable damage to scientific work.

The cemetery at Laurel Hill was completely wrecked, the tombstones and monuments being piled up in confusion all over it.

The only advantage gained from the San Francisco disaster is that it has taught architects and engineers how to build earthquake-proof and fire-proof buildings.

Incredible as it may seem, the survival of the St. Francis and Fairmount Hotels, the *Chronicle* building, and many others, shows that a city may be so built as to come unscathed out of an ordeal of earthquake and fire such as the one which San Francisco has recently undergone.

A TURKISH FIRE BRIGADE.

The Emperor Augustus instituted the first Fire Brigade at Rome at the beginning of the Christian Era. Similar organisations were encouraged all over the Roman Empire, and thus in due course one was instituted at Constantinople.

The system consisted in having an alarm bell in every house, which, in case of fire, summoned the nearest military patrol. These warriors on arriving at the fire sent out orderlies whose cries of "Water!" caused the citizens to bring that necessary, and in due course the cohort detailed to extinguish fires heard the news, and arrived with buckets, pumps, etc.

This system became so popular in Turkey that it is in force still, and surely a system that has stood the test of about 1800 years must be good!

The dainty little hand-pump carried by the Turkish irregulars in the illustration is so small that there is no need to have horses to draw it. The Fire Brigade simply picks it up, and goes off at the double with it.

The man in front carrying the club is the commanding officer. The hose will be noticed coiled up at his feet. In the event of a "call" it would be the duty of one of his men to snatch this up and carry it to the scene of action, where it would be attached to the engine.

The only problem in connection with this fire brigade arises from the number of men in its ranks. Why so many of them?

Perhaps they take turns in carrying the engine!

Photo *Abdullah Freres, Constantinople.*

A Turkish Fire Brigade hurrying to a fire, carrying their engine with them.

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Photo *Scientific American.*

A devil-fish about to leap.

THE OCEAN CHAMELEON.

Startling Photographs of the Octopus, or Devil-Fish.

There is no doubt that the octopus, or, as it is frequently and appropriately termed, the devil-fish, is a most unpleasant-looking creature. Woe to the unfortunate diver who encounters a large specimen of the species! Some of the largest have tentacles which, at the base, are as big as a man's leg, and twelve feet long.

A naturalist recently had several large devil-fishes under observation at Avalon, Santa Catalina, at the north end of Avalon Bay. Some land crabs were retreating from the tide as it rose, and suddenly one of them dashed furiously from the water, pursued by a devil-fish. The octopus continued the chase a short distance, raising its tentacles in the air. Suddenly it seized the quarry and drew it under the waves. A capacious mouth opened —and the crab was doomed.

This naturalist had, at different times, from three to five devil-fishes in an inclosure. If the tank bottom were dark, they became various tints, generally a dark, reddish-brown, though the largest one was of a livid white hue, covered with black or dark grey blotches.

Some of the animals did not resent being touched; others merely threw a tentacle in the direction of the intruding hand.

To grasp an octopus is somewhat of an ordeal for a novice. Probably no creature has the property of inspiring the same degree of horror as one of these cold, clammy creatures. Among many spectators at a certain aquarium not one was found who would touch a devil-fish, though assured that it was quite harmless.

Devil-fishes always seize and kill their prey with a dreadful smothering action which, imagined in a large specimen, having a man for its victim, is very terrible.

The scores of suckers in the long arms force the captive to the devil-fish's mouth, and then the strong, parrot-like beak comes into play.

Photo *Scientific American.*

Two devil-fishes preparing to spring at one another.

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THE ARM OF THE LAW

The Story of a Criminal's Attempt to Evade Justice.

By C. Randolph Lichfield.

As Philip Barnaby turned sharply out of the Strand into Montague Street, where his offices were, he heard a heavy footstep come round quickly after him and a deep voice, lowered almost to a whisper, said in his ear :

"Mr. Barnaby, can I have a word with you ? "

The tone was civil, but the voice authoritative, and partly for that reason Barnaby, as he pulled up and turned round, was not surprised to perceive that his accoster had the unmistakable stamp of the police-officer who had only recently been promoted from uniform to plain-clothes. Perhaps Barnaby's face turned a shade paler than usual, and the corners of his wide, obstinate mouth twitched slightly from the wrench his heart gave in his massive chest as he met the detective's eyes and realised with instantaneity of lightning that the Arm of the Law had swept his way; but the visible signs of his distress were so slight that the detective could scarcely have perceived them.

"I have a warrant to arrest you," said the detective softly, as the lawyer moved his wordless lips. "The charge is one of misappropriation. I'll read the warrant when you're formally charged at the station."

"Oh," ejaculated Barnaby quietly, yet with a sound like a dry sob, as he glanced down at the pavement kerb. "This is serious."

"'Fraid it is, but you'd better not say anything until I've read over the charge."

"Oh, it's serious in another way, I mean," answered Barnaby slowly, raising his eyebrows and blinking as if to clear his vision of dimness. "The charge itself is absurd—due to misapprehension. The serious thing is that I have a most important appointment at the office at eleven, when I am to complete a matter of business which means three thousand pounds to me. And if I'm absent, the other party's entitled to call off. Can't you defer apprehending me an hour or two? You could wait in the office if necessary, though you couldn't be present at the interview."

"I'm afraid——," responded the detective dubiously, tapping the kerb with his walking stick.

"But—oh, I say, it's almost a matter of

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life and death!" said Barnaby eagerly, "If I am paid that money before being apprehended it will put an entirely different complexion on the charge, while, on the other hand, if I miss the payment—it will about ruin me! Good Lord, officer, it isn't either justice or law that a man should be deprived of a chance of defending himself and protecting those he loves from penury."

"Do you honestly tell me, sir, that you are expecting three thousand pounds this morning, and that if I apprehend you now you may lose it?" asked the detective incredulously, yet sympathetically.

"On my word of honour," replied Barnaby incisively. "Surely in the circumstances you can give me until noon? At that hour I shall be prepared to accompany you and give a complete answer to this charge, which Mr. Hanbury has raised. I cannot explain to you how the two matters are connected, but they are; and I might almost suspect that the warrant had been applied for in order to prevent my keeping the appointment this morning."

"Well, it doesn't seem to me to be the spirit of the law that a man should be driven to ruin and other troubles for want of an hour or two's grace, Mr. Barnaby," said the detective feelingly. "At the same time, it's my duty to arrest you, and if I fail in that, how do I stand?"

"I'll give you——"

"No, don't start that; you can't get on the windward of Luke Randal on that tack. If I give you till noon ——"

"I apologise," said Barnaby hastily. "I meant no offence, but the matter is so vital that I would give almost anything to be a free man until twelve."

"You'd be ready for me by twelve?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. But I must keep you under observation, and I can't do that in your offices unless I'm in your own room, which you say I can't be. That's your room over there, isn't it—on the second floor? And I've seen you sitting at that table often enough. Well, just sit there, and I shall see you. Oh, nobody'll notice me. I'm not such a poor hand at observation as that! But when you move from that window, I shall come in. You catch my meaning?"

"Yes, but circumstances may make it necessary for me to move to the back of the room, where my safe is."

"Then, on this occasion you'll have to overrule circumstances. I don't suppose you're the kind of gentleman to play any mean tricks on an officer who's risking his billet to accommodate you, but I'm not taking any extra risk."

"Very well, sergeant," answered Barnaby. "I'll manage somehow not to leave the window."

"I shall expect to see you there within three minutes," said the detective, turning and going slowly down the street toward the river.

Barnaby drew a deep breath, and, crossing the road, entered the building on the second floor on which his offices were. As he mounted the stairs a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and he paused on the second floor landing to brush it off with his handkerchief.

"Llewellyn," he said, in a low, hollow voice, as he passed through the clerks' room, "I—I want you."

A tall, lanky man of middle-age who was bending over a table at which two younger men were engaged examining some documents, straightened himself, coughed softly to the long, bony fingers of his hand, and followed Barnaby into the latter's room.

"Sit down there by the safe," said Barnaby sharply, walking straight to the window and seating himself at his desk. He placed his hat on the window-ledge just within his reach, and pulling off his gloves threw them into it. "I hope you were not drinking last night, Llewellyn; I want the assistance of a particularly clear-headed man?"

"No," answered the clerk, in a deep bass voice; "I went home early."

"But your hand is shaking!"

"I—I think I'm out of sorts."

"I wish I'd kicked you out twelve months ago," exclaimed Barnaby, thumping his desk; "there never was room in this office for a drunkard! As a man of business I ought to have done so, and not allowed myself to be won over by considerations for widowed mothers and old-time friendships. The consequence is that now, at the crisis of my life, I find myself looking for assistance to a mere ghost of a man, with a drink-sodden intellect and jarring nerves!" He put his elbows on his desk and hid his face in his hands.

"I'm not forgetful of your consideration, nor dead to the sense of gratitude," returned the head clerk sullenly, "and if my hands shake and I look haggard it is just because I have not been drinking. My mind's as clear as ever it was."

"I'll test it!" said Barnaby sharply, raising his head, and casting a side glance out to the street below. "You see that man

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passing on the other side? Don't let him see you! . . . He's a detective. He stopped me a few minutes ago and said he had a warrant for my arrest in the matter of Hanbury."

"What?"

"Yes. But I induced him to give me until twelve o'clock. He insisted, however, that I should remain seated at this desk so that he could see me; and at twelve I am to be ready to accompany him to the police-station. What would you do in my circumstances?"

"Do?" repeated Llewellyn, dropping back into his chair weakly; "I expect I should blow my brains out."

"Yes," returned Barnaby scornfully, "I expect you would—if you had any."

"How did you persuade him to wait until twelve?" inquired Llewellyn, looking at his watch.

"I told him I had an appointment here at eleven with a party who was to pay me three thousand pounds, which would put an entirely different complexion on the case."

"It's close on half-past ten now. I don't think you've improved your position by telling a tale which can so easily be disproved."

"I know," returned Barnaby, glancing through the window furtively as the detective passed again. "But I wanted to gain a little time, you see; I was completely cornered. Can you suggest what I can do?—putting aside all idea of suicide."

"It's a serious thing for me," muttered Llewellyn irritably, biting his finger nails. "It's well known I have been in your entire confidence, and it will naturally be supposed I knew something about the affair. Even if I'm not dragged into it, no one would give me a post."

"Your salary for the last five months has come out of it," snapped Barnaby, "and you've known it. So I don't think you can complain."

"I wouldn't have touched the money with a barge-pole if I hadn't thought you'd have been able to refund it!" retorted Llewellyn angrily.

"Nor would I, you whelp! What's the good of talking in that strain? Pull your dissipated intellect together, and suggest what I can do."

"I don't see what you can do. You can't bolt sitting there, and you might as well go across to him at once as remain there till twelve. Even if you got away now, do you think it would be any use—that with only an hour and a half start you could escape the arm of the law? At twelve, if you don't go to him, he'll come to you."

"With half-an-hour's start only," returned Barnaby softly, "I could get away. I—I have foreseen this, and all my plans are laid. The fact is, I should not have come here again after yesterday if I hadn't thought Atkinson might walk in and pay me a little sum of money he owes me."

"So you were prepared to leave me in the lurch, with my salary due on Tuesday?"

"I had prepared a cheque for you."

"After drawing out all money from the bank?" sneered Llewellyn.

"I have left enough to meet the cheque." He opened a drawer of his desk, took out an envelope and handed it to the clerk. "You can go and cash it now, if you like, while I consider what to do. As you return, glance up here casually and note how much of me you can see, and how certainly you can identify me."

"Oh, I shall want more than that," exclaimed Llewellyn, tossing the cheque upon the desk after reading it.

"It's more than is due to you," protested Barnaby.

"Mebbe, but if I'm going to be thrown on my beam-ends I shall want another hundred at least. I'm not so cheap."

"I'll settle the balance when you return," said Barnaby, gritting his teeth.

"Shan't trust you. Settle now, or I go straight across to our friend there to explain how you've played him up."

"You are a base, ungrateful hound, Llewellyn," muttered Barnaby, taking out his pocket-book.

"Spare me your opinions," snarled the clerk, accepting a note for £100, and picking up the cheque again. "I'll be back in ten minutes." He left the room, and presently out of the corners of his eyes Barnaby saw him cross the road to go up the street.

"He'd sell me for a fiver," ejaculated Barnaby fiercely, drawing the telephone-receiver towards him with one hand, while he hurriedly turned over the pages of the directory with the other. "And no father would have overlooked all I have forgiven him."

He rang up the Exchange and was delighted to be put through to the number he wanted with unusual promptness, which seemed to him a good omen.

"Hullo!—yes! the Eagle Motor-car Company? . . . I warned you . . . Mr. Barnaby . . . I warned you by letter about a car to run me down to the country

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one day this week. . . . Yes. Is it the car I saw? Very well. Can you send it round at once, and have it waiting at Temple Station? . . . Oh, you can do it in less time than that! I shall want to start directly a client has been in and he— What? . . . All right. Temple Station, mind!"

He rang off, and glancing out of window saw the detective standing in the hall of the offices opposite with the air of a man having an appointment. The detective was not looking up at the window, but Barnaby felt he was watching with oblique vision.

"Decent chap," muttered Barnaby. He took a road-map of Essex from his pocket and with a pen-point traced the road through Barking, Rainham, Stanford, Pitsea to a point about midway between Leigh and Southend, where a cross had been marked in ink. "We ought to do it under two hours with a good driver, willing to take risks. The question is how to get to Temple Station. I was a fool, an arrant fool to dilly-dally for the sake of Atkinson's paltry forty pounds, when everything was arranged for casting off my moorings and starting afresh in the New World. I can't think what possessed me!"

He thrust the map away in his breast-pocket and leant back in his chair, glancing furtively out of the window. Not seeing the detective he looked out again, and leant forward eagerly. But the officer was only a few doors away, slowly pacing the street.

"Confound it!" he cried, drawing back. "Here's Atkinson. What'll I do? He'll keep me talking till Doomsday. Coleman! —Coleman!" he shouted, twisting round quickly in his chair.

"Yes, sir," said a junior clerk, appearing at the door.

"Mr. Atkinson!—tell him I'm out. Can't see him now. Tell him—tell him the Jarvis people have just rung me up to know if he's here; they want to see him immediately!"

"Yes, sir."

"Stop!—wait a minute! I—I think—yes, I'll see him."

As the clerk disappeared Barnaby drew the telephone forward again and rang up the Exchange vigorously.

"Give me——," he called to the Exchange, and rattled off a number.

While he was waiting to be put through, the door opened and a clerk announced the arrival of Mr. Atkinson, who entered the room as his name was mentioned.

"How do, Atkinson? Sit down a minute, will you?" said Barnaby.

The visitor took the chair by the safe. Silently and with a thoughtful air he watched Barnaby waiting with the receiver to his ear. Barnaby returned the attention, and gradually his eyes grew bright and his lips set in a firm line.

Mr. Atkinson was a big man of about Barnaby's own age, with a large, round head like Barnaby's, rather bald like Barnaby, clean-shaven like Barnaby. and under his light-coloured overcoat he was wearing just such a morning-coat as Barnaby was wearing. His hair was not quite so grey as the lawyer's, but that was a trifle; and he would do.

"Hullo!" said Barnaby as the bell rang. "Is that Williams and Winds'? . . . Is Mr. Williams there? . . . Ask him to speak to Mr. Barnaby a minute, will you? Thanks. . . . Is that you, Williams? How are you? I say, I'm playing a game of bluff, and I want you to help me. I'll do the same for you some day, and it's quite harmless. Drive round here in a four-wheeler with one of your clerks, will you? I won't detain you. Stretch a point for me! I'll explain everything to you later—we'll lunch together! . . . Good man! Tell the cab to wait bang in front of the entrance. Look sharp! Good-bye."

He pushed the instrument away, and, after glancing out of the window, turned to his visitor. "Sorry to keep you, Atkinson, but——"

"Oh, that's all right," returned the other, rising and moving forward. "I—er——"

"Sit down there, will you!" said Barnaby sharply, indicating a chair at the side of his desk furthest from the window.

"I came in to pay——"

Llewellyn hurrying into the room cut the sentence short. He glanced at Atkinson heavily and nodded, and turned an inquiring look upon Barnaby.

"Manage it all right?" inquired the latter airily.

"Yes."

"How much did you see?"

"Enough to know the fellow was there, but not much. I could see he was a bit bald, had a largish head, and so on, but I couldn't distinguish his features."

"Oh, well, it doesn't much matter," returned Barnaby. He fixed Llewellyn's eye and then glanced significantly at Atkinson, who was searching among some papers he had just taken from his pockets. "Would he pass, d'you think?"

A smile of cunning overspread Llewellyn's face as he nodded slowly.

Barnaby drew a deep breath and held out

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his hand for a little wad of notes which Atkinson was prepared to tender to him. Llewellyn withdrew to another desk, and pretended to be interested in some documents and correspondence.

"Llewellyn, take these," said Barnaby, passing the notes on, and he pushed them into the clerk's hand with a little gesture which could so certainly mean only one thing that an expression of gratified greed flashed into Llewellyn's eyes. Barnaby saw the light with satisfaction.

"Now, look here, Atkinson—I'll give you a receipt in a minute!" said Barnaby, drawing his breath quickly, and repeatedly glancing sideways out of the window. "I've got a little matter here that will perhaps just suit you." He began turning over the papers on his desk aimlessly, his brows lowered thoughtfully. "Where's that——"

"What?" inquired Llewellyn.

"Oh, this'll do—this is it. Now, just look over this, Atkinson. I think there's some money to be made by it. Strip off that coat of yours and come and sit here." He glanced quickly out of window. The detective was not to be seen. "Peel off your coat," he exclaimed.

As though carried away by the lawyer's dominating tone and manner, Atkinson shed his coat.

Barnaby glanced out of window. "Wait a minute," he said thoughtfully, for he had caught the detective's eye.

"What is the thing?" inquired Atkinson, moving towards the desk, with his gaze directed to the document Barnaby was scanning to disguise the reason for the delay.

"Well, there you are! You can see for yourself," exclaimed Barnaby, springing up and gently insinuating Atkinson into his own chair, and drawing back from the window. "I think it's a good thing myself. I'll put you on it, if you like. Figure it out." He drew into the shadow of a bookcase, and, pretending to read a letter, watched for the detective to pass the window again. His breath came laboriously and once or twice he moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Yes," muttered Atkinson, "this looks a good thing. Have you got a spare copy?"

Burnaby did not at once answer. He was watching the detective pass. Llewellyn was doing the same from his position behind Atkinson.

When almost opposite the window the detective threw a quick look up. Barnaby drew his breath sharply; the suspense was intense. Llewellyn let a paper slip from his trembling fingers.

The detective passed on.

"What—spare copy?" said Barnaby, looking at Llewellyn with very bright eyes. "No, I haven't. But you can take particulars now. That desk's at your service, and you'll find plenty of paper. Yes, I think there's a pot of money in that thing."

"It's not quite my line, but I'm not so conservative to turn from a good thing on those grounds," murmured Atkinson, commencing to make notes. "Here! there's a cab stopping here. Two men—Williams and somebody else. Perhaps I'd better get into the clerk's room," he added, half rising.

"No—no!" cried Barnaby and Llewellyn at once. "That's all right; they won't come in here."

"Llewellyn, take 'em into your room; I'll be with you in a few minutes," said Barnaby. "You stop there, Atkinson."

Atkinson did not answer; he was thoroughly engrossed again in making copious notes.

Barnaby picked up his client's overcoat as he followed Llewellyn out of the room. Deftly he locked the door after him and extracted the key.

"Why that?" whispered Llewellyn.

"So that if he leaves the window, and the watcher rushes in, it will make delay," answered Barnaby in the same tone. "Hullo, Williams!" he said, with boisterous good humour. "Just go into Llewellyn's room, will you? I'll be with you in a few minutes."

"Yes, go in, Mr. Williams," Llewellyn interposed. "We'll be in there in a few minutes."

Barnaby glanced angrily at him, and turned pale. Llewellyn closed the door of his room on Mr. Williams and the young men accompanying him, and quickly opened that leading from the clerks' room to the landing. Barnaby and he passed out.

"Where are you going?" said Barnaby, jerkily; his face very white.

"Do you think I'm going to be left in the rut made by your wheel?" inquired Llewellyn aggressively.

"Good Heavens, you'll spoil everything!" whispered Barnaby faintly. "Go back. I've dealt fairly with you. You've two hundred odd in hand, and nothing to fear. There's no way out but by the hall, and we——Llewellyn, for Heaven's sake!" But Llewellyn was already gliding down the stairway.

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There was no help for it; Barnaby followed, pulling on Atkinson's overcoat as he went down. Llewellyn was quicker than he, and was out of sight before he reached the first-floor landing.

Like a man crossing a weak plank-bridge over a chasm, Barnaby stole down the stairs. As he turned the last corner and came into view of the entrance, he paused.

The four-wheeled cab was drawn up before the door just as he wished. To use it as a screen in stepping out into the street was his sole reason for calling for the presence of Mr. Williams and the latter's clerk, whom he thought the detective might assume were the persons with whom he had his important appointment for eleven o'clock. He was playing a game of chess with men for pawns.

But because of the screening cab he could not see out into the street. With bated breath, he crept towards the swing doors, when he perceived the detective standing on the opposite pavement watching the cab with evident misgiving. Barnaby drew back into a corner by the door and watched the watcher.

Presently the detective, after glancing up quickly at Barnaby's window, moved to cross the street.

"Good Heavens, you'll spoil everything!" whispered Barnaby faintly.

Barnaby pushed quickly out of the swing doors and passed round the back of the cab as the detective stepped on to the pavement in front of the horse's head. It was done recklessly, on the impulse of the moment, but it was successful. Yet it was impossible for Barnaby to draw away from the cab without being seen, and he knew that, standing as he was with the body of the cab between him and the detective, the slightest movement would betray him, even if his feet were not visible beneath the cab. And every moment lessened his chances of escaping.

"Whom are you waiting for?" Barnaby heard the detective inquire.

"Two parties I drove from Chancery Lane," replied the cabman.

"Well, move away a bit," said the detective.

Barnaby's heart sank, but he kept beside the cab while it crawled two or three yards down towards the Embankment. It was a moment of agonising suspense; he could not see the detective, nor guess how far this way or that he should walk to keep the cab most nearly between himself and the detective's line of vision. But the cab pulled up, and still he was undiscovered.

As an extra precaution, he stretched out a hand and noiselessly opened the door of the cab. As he did so, the detective recrossed the road in an oblique line, the obliquity of his line of crossing and the direction of his gaze towards the office-window only preventing him from detecting Barnaby's propinquity.

Barnaby bent himself into the cab and shut the door. The driver felt the weight imposed on the springs of the vehicle and heard the click of the door-catch. He bent down and

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turned round at the near side, evidently under the impression that someone had entered from the pavement.

"Station — Temple," said Barnaby, by sudden inspiration, his voice disguised by his difficulty in drawing his breath.

The driver shook the reins and the cab rumbled down the street towards the river. As it turned the corner, Barnaby, keeping well back, saw the detective striding across the road, his whole mien denoting that his suspicions had been suddenly aroused. Barnaby's last glimpse of him was as he leapt up the three steps and entered the office building.

The cab pulled up behind a throbbing motor-car waiting by the kerb at the station.

Barnaby sprang out and tendered a florin to the cabman.

"But you ain't my fare!" expostulated the man. "You ain't the——"

"No, of course not," Barnaby answered promptly; it was necessary to satisfy the cabman, otherwise he might return to the office for Williams, and in so doing put the detective immediately on the track. "But you were told to wait for me, weren't you, and then to drive back to 347 Westminster Bridge Road for a gentlemen?"

"No, I weren't! Howsomever," he added, realising he had more than his legal fare, which is the overshadowing fact of the London cabman's existence, "if it's all right, it's all right."

"Yes, that's right. They ought to have told you. Look sharp to get to Bridge Road," said Barnaby, giving that address because the obvious route was westward along the Embankment, and not up Montague Street.

As the cab started off westward, Barnaby turned to the motor-car driver.

"You're for Mr. Barnaby?"

"Yessir."

He stepped in and dropped beside the chauffeur.

"East—along the Embankment, Queen Victoria Street, Mile End. Sharp now, but no trouble with the police, please," he said abruptly, his eyes throwing fugitive glances all around him.

The car swung round and bowled along the Embankment, paused at the approach to Blackfriars Bridge and darted across the end of Bridge Street into Queen Victoria Street, where it slipped in and out amongst the traffic like a creature of brain and nerves, answering to the slightest movement of the driver's steel wrists.

Barnaby sat low and far back in his seat, as if trying to compress himself into an invisible compass. His eyes were strained and dilating, his lips white and indrawn, and the left side of his face twitched epileptically. He had realised that his chances of escaping no longer depended on him, and his self-reliance gone, his weakness and fear, his doubt and sense of danger wrung him till he almost groaned. He knew, too, that by his very effort to escape, if it failed, he had made ultimate escape impossible; he had prejudiced himself to conviction.

As the car glided over the Mansion House crossing, an omnibus, crawling out of Cheapside, drew out towards the middle of the road, compelling the driver of the car to swerve slightly, and in swerving the front wheel of the car struck the wheel of a hansom.

In such a state were his nerves that, trifling though the accident was, Barnaby started to his feet with an exclamation of alarm. But his chauffeur, smiling a cold, superior smile, circled the car round the cab, escaping the omnibus horses by an inch, and darted across to Threadneedle Street. They were past the Royal Exchange before Barnaby realised that the danger of being stopped was over, and sank back in his seat.

"Not used to motoring, sir?" said the chauffeur blandly.

"No—not in the City, that is."

"Grer—grer" went the horn, as they approached a turning.

A massive dray-horse stole out from the narrow alley, and its nose knocked Barnaby's hat into the road.

"Go on; it doesn't matter," said the fugitive, as the chauffeur made to stop the car.

"But——"

"Go on," repeated Barnaby trembling. He glanced back over his shoulder, and saw that a policeman had picked up the hat—was moving after them, anticipating they would stop; and he cursed himself for ever having had his name stuck in the lining of his hat.

In his state of hyper-sensitiveness, too, he soon began to feel that his hatlessness was attracting attention; and in the Mile End Road he had the car stopped at a hatter's.

"I want a hat—sharp," he said, hurrying into the shop.

"What kind of a—ah—hat, sir?" inquired the counterman.

"Any kind—bowler—cap. I'll have a cap."

"A cap. Tweed cap. I have a very nice line of——"

"Yes—tweed cap! But look sharp."

"What size cap do you——"

"A seven and a-half."

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"A seven and a-half," repeated the counterman, taking down a box, and tossing off the lid. "I suppose——"

Barnaby snatched a cap from among the many and pulled it on his head.

"How much?"

"Two and elevenpence halfpenny, please."

Barnaby dived for his money. He had nothing smaller than a sovereign.

The counterman took the coin and moved to the back of the shop. Presently he called out to inquire if Barnaby had nothing less.

"No."

"I'm afraid I shall have to send out for change."

Barnaby bolted.

"Go on," he said, springing into the car. Not only his nerve, but his wit had left him. He was just a man flying fearfully from justice, and he had not the wit to disguise the fact.

As the car started, Barnaby saw the shopman hurry out to his door to watch the disappearance of the customer to whom a minute was worth more than seventeen shillings and a halfpenny.

Barnaby drew the peak of his cap down, and considered his chances. His disappearance had been discovered practically immediately, and the detective could not fail to connect it with the going of the cab. The bootblack at the station would remember opening the cab-door for a gentleman who at once boarded the waiting car and drove eastward. Therefore what would probably be the detective's first inquiry would establish the fact that he had gone eastward in a motor-car, and within half-an-hour the fact that he was "wanted" would be known at all the police-stations along his most probable line of flight. He thought of the constable who had passively watched the little accident at the Mansion House crossing, and the other who had picked up his hat; and he wondered how they would affect his chances of escaping. Probably very little, he considered, since they might not learn that he was wanted until going off duty, by which time he would, possibly, be within the cabin of the little steam-yacht waiting for him in the small, unfrequented cove between Leigh and Southend—he might even be steaming out towards an equally unfrequented cove on the Dutch coast.

As the car bowled through Barking on towards Rainham at increased speed, Barnaby began to regain hope, and with hope courage. Rainham was left behind about an hour after the starting from Temple Station, and it seemed likely that Leigh would be reached between one and two o'clock.

Leaving Aveley behind the chauffeur increased speed, and they romped along the road at a brisk twenty miles an hour, the car running beautifully. But after passsing Stanford the chauffeur reduced speed to about twelve miles. Barnaby inquired the reason.

"I understand the police have a 'trap' somewhere along here," was the answer, and Barnaby felt troubled. "A customer of ours was stopped last Monday, although he declares his pace was not more than ten miles at the time."

"I don't want any bother like that," said Barnaby. "Keep to the legal limit and don't stop for them. I'll throw the rug over the number as we run through, and give you a fiver."

"We'll go slow," replied the chauffeur, "presently. There's a telegraph office along here, about a mile ahead, and I expect that's where the trap is. They like to lay traps near a telegraph office so that they can wire along if a car ignores their challenge, though nobody but a fool ever does such a thing."

Barnaby bit his lip and sat lower in his seat. The danger of a "trap"—particularly a trap near a telegraph office—had not occurred to him. What more likely than that the trapping police along all the roads radiating from the Metropolis should have been advised by telegram to look out for his car and detain him?

"Can't we escape the 'trap' by going round a branch road?" he inquired anxiously.

"N—o. We'll drop to eight miles," said the chauffeur, changing the gear. "Ah, here comes a car! They'll tell us."

Barnaby looked along the straight road and perceived a big touring car advancing rapidly towards them. As it drew near, the driver, behind whom sat two ladies and a man, reduced speed.

"There's a 'trap' half-a-mile ahead," he bawled out as the two cars passed.

Barnaby had the wit to raise his cap in acknowledgment of the courtesy. Then he pulled the rug off his knees.

"I—I'll walk past, I think," he said haltingly. "I can rejoin you further along."

"Oh, we're all right, sir," answered the chauffeur confidently, but throwing a side glance of suspicion at Barnaby's white face. "The road's clear, and our speed's only about eight; they can't stop us."

Barnaby settled himself lower in his seat, and drew the rug over his knees again. He

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The car lurched, and . . . fell through the hedge into a field.

argued with himself that if he got out and allowed the car to proceed he would actually be running greater risks than by remaining in it, inasmuch as, if the police were on the look-out for the car, they would challenge it in either case; and if he were not in it to urge the chauffeur on, the man would stop, and by a couple of questions the police would get on his immediate track, and no chance of escape would he have.

The car ran along steadily, slowly, and smoothly, and presently entered the shade of an avenue of great elms.

Barnaby clasped his hands together fiercely under the hiding of the rug and gritted his big, white teeth.

The car glided out of the avenue, took a slight curve in the road, passed a couple of cottages and a little telegraph-office, and started along a straight, level stretch of road.

The next moment a shrill whistle sounded behind them.

The chauffeur moved his left hand quickly. Barnaby seized it instantly.

"Go on," he said, in a choking voice. "We're within our rights! Why should we stop? Go on—go quicker!"

A quarter of a mile ahead of them a tall figure stepped out into the middle of the road. Barnaby and the chauffeur saw it.

"But who's to stand the racket?" asked the chauffeur sharply.

"I'll give you a note for fifty pounds when we're through," gasped Barnaby.

The figure in the road put up an arm and took a few steps forward.

"And what about my license, eh?" demanded the chauffeur aggressively.

"I'll make it a hundred—a hundred pounds in ten minutes!"

"I don't like it," muttered the young man, his face clouding.

He slowed the car down and ran towards the policeman with an apparent intention of stopping. Then he moved a hand and the car leapt forward. He turned the steer-wheel and the car half-circled round the expectant policeman and plunged away along the road.

Barnaby uttered a cry between a sigh and a groan, and cast a quick look back over his shoulder.

"Go on!" he exclaimed. "Go on!"

"I've done it now!" ejaculated the chauffeur viciously. "May as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," and he increased the speed.

Barnaby began to laugh hysterically, and two tears forced their way out of his eyes and lay on the curve of his full white cheeks.

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Presently he took out his pocket-book and selected three notes of the aggregate value of £100.

"Look!" he said, holding them out before the chauffeur's eyes. "Easily earned, eh?"

The man glanced quickly at them with glittering eyes, then towards a bend of the road. They flew in a wide, sweeping rush round the bend before Barnaby lowered the notes, and the chauffeur thrust out a hand for them. Even as he did so and the notes bent between his fingers, the off fore-wheel struck something on the roadway. The car lurched, and before the chauffeur could clutch the steer-wheel again the car dashed at a stack of flints lying on the margin of the road, reared up it with a loud, grinding, shrieking, and thumping noise, and fell through the hedge into a field of trembling barley, a mass of steaming, stinking wreckage.

The chauffeur was flung out into the road, but Barnaby went through the hedge with the car, and lay on his back amid the barley, pinned down by a broken leg, staring up unseeing at the azure sky.

"Oh," whimpered the chauffeur, scrambling weakly to his feet and wiping the blood and dust out of his eyes. "Oh," he whimpered. as he limped across the road.

"Grer-grer-grer-grer" sounded along the road, beyond the bend.

The chauffeur mounted the flint-stack and raised his hands above his head.

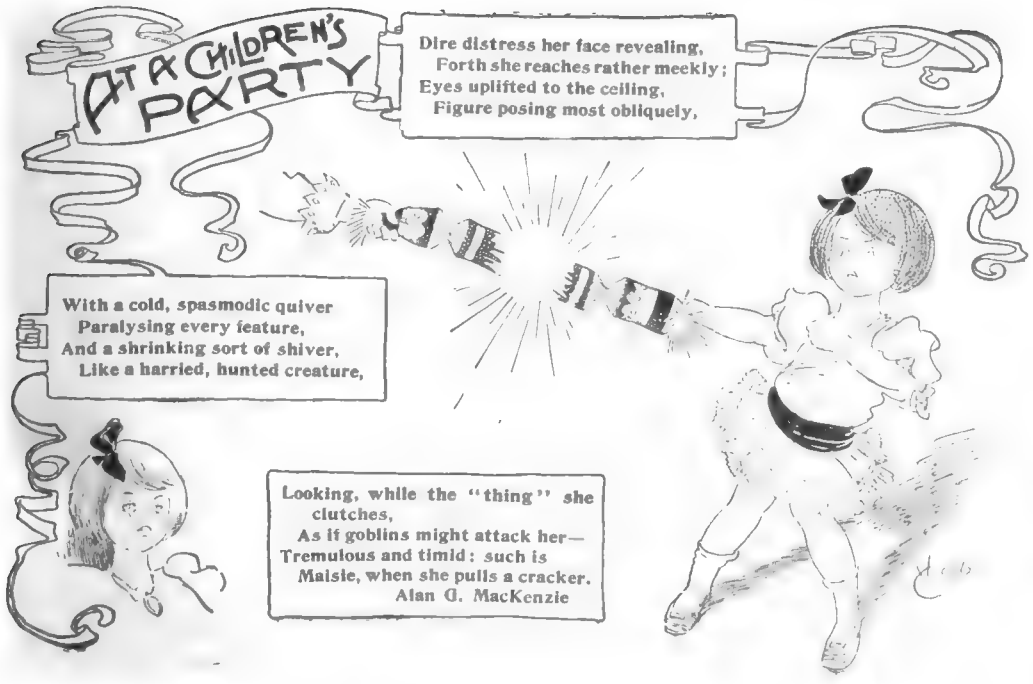
The strange car came rapidly round the bend, slowed, stopped. In the car, behind the driver, were a middle-aged, military-looking man and a superintendent of police.

"Hullo—a spill?" cried the military-looking man, rising quickly and looking through the hedge into the field.

The chauffeur sat down upon the flints and wept.

"The very lot I was just speaking of, I do believe, sir!" exclaimed the superintendent, brushing through the hedge.

"Don't touch me!" whispered Barnaby, as the chief constable and the superintendent bent over him. "My leg's broken." And he closed his eyes and fainted.


At a Children's Party
Dire distress her face revealing,
Forth she reaches rather meekly;
Eyes uplifted to the ceiling,
Figure posing most obliquely,
With a cold, spasmodic quiver
Paralysing every feature,
And a shrinking sort of shiver,
Like a harried, hunted creature,
Looking, while the "thing" she clutches,
As if goblins might attack her—
Tremulous and timid: such is
Maisie, when she pulls a cracker.
Alan G. MacKenzie

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

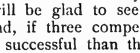
I'm Mr. X. the Specialist
For 'Hump' in all its stages:
The only thing my patients have
To do 's to read my pages—
So, start at the beginning,
And half-way through you'll find
All your little worries
Left a mile behind.
All your little worries
Left behind a mile—
Read on to the finish,
And you'll finish with a smile.

Puzzle Penknives or Packs of ROYAL Playing Cards will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X" and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

AN ANGULAR PROPOSITION.

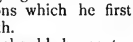
Can you cross a line four times in such a way as to make at least twenty-four angles? "Mr. X" will be glad to see his readers' attempts, and, if three competitors do not prove more successful than the remainder, he will award puzzle penknives or ROYAL packs of playing-cards to the senders of the three solutions which he first examines on February 20th.

Solutions should be sent, on post-cards marked "Angle," before that date to "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.



Q.: When is it dangerous for a burglar to eat bread?

A.: When a policeman is on the loaf.



MAGIC WITH DICE.

Here is a very ingenious method of guessing the values of three dice thrown by a friend, without seeing them.

Tell him to think of the first dice.

Multiply by 2.
Add 5.
Multiply by 5.
Add value of second dice.
Multiply by 10.
Add value of third dice.

Now demand the total. From whatever it is subtract 250; the three digits of your answer will be the values of his three dice. Thus supposing 595 were the total he gave you, 595—250=345. His three dice were 3, 4, and 5. Try it and see.

A WORD PUZZLE.

1. I am a native of a mountainous district in Spain. Like all my family I have felt a strong desire to go to sea; but I have never been on board a ship, as circumstances have always prevented my leaving my birthplace, and as I am now very old and have long been confined to my bed, I shall never do so.

2. Shuffle the letters of my name, and I am found in every class of society.

3. Shuffle again, and I am present at all great ceremonials; and though many profess to despise me, I am supported by Royalty itself.

ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

SMITH: "I say, Jones, do you believe it is impossible to see 'nothing'?"

JONES: "Of course it is."

SMITH: "Well, I'll bet you five bob it isn't."

JONES: "Done."

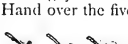
SMITH: "Right. Now shut your left eye. Can you see anything?"

JONES: "I can see you amongst others."

SMITH: "Well, keep that eye closed and shut the right. Now what can you see?"

JONES: "Nothing, you ass."

SMITH: "Hand over the five bob."



A DOMINO PUZZLER.

With eight dominoes is it possible to make a solid square so that the dots count 16 when added up horizontally, vertically, or diagonally?

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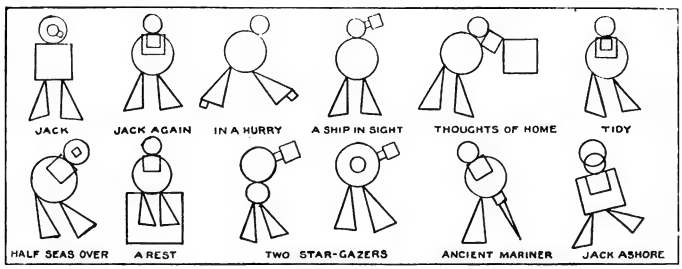
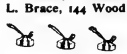


SOME EXAMPLES OF HOW TO DRAW A SAILOR FROM TWO SQUARES, TWO CIRCLES, AND TWO TRIANGLES.

In the November ROYAL "Mr. X" offered a prize for what was in his opinion the best drawing of a sailor constructed from two squares, two triangles, and two circles. The above is a selection of the very ingenious attempts sent in by hundreds of readers. The prize of Five Shillings is awarded to Mr. Stephen H. C. Kerr, Lixmoun Villa, Trinity, Edinburgh; and a ROYAL pack of playing-cards is awarded to Mr. L. Brace, 144 Wood Vale, Horror Oak, S.E.



Q. What did the spider do when he found he was late for the dinner-party?
A. Took a fly, naturally.

A GIGANTIC SEIL.

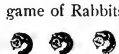
At your next evening party gather together a number of people and announce a new game called "Rabbits."

Collect your friends in a circle around you, and then request them all to go on their knees, place their hands, palms downward, on the carpet, and bend down their heads. When all are in this ludicrous position, stand perfectly still in the middle.

After a time somebody is sure to ask: "What next?"

You then reply: "Nothing next; that's all!"

So ends the game of Rabbits.



AMATEURISH.

"Mr. X" asked some time ago: "If it takes a man a week to eat a ham, how long will it take him to eat a hammer?" One of his readers sends him the following perfectly horrible reply: "To eat a ham he must certainly chew it; the time occupied in eating a hammer must therefore depend entirely on whether the man were a professional or an *amateur*" ('ammer-chew'r).

MISUNDERSTOOD.

SMITH MINOR (showing a beetle to his form master): "Are these their feelers, sir?"

FORM MASTER: "Their antennæ."

SMITH MINOR: "Yes, there are, sir; see, they have got two each."

FORM MASTER: "Well, didn't I say so?"

SMITH MINOR: "No; you said 'there aren't any.'"

SERIOUS MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A fast train left London at 8.45 en route for Manchester, whence an ordinary train had left three-quarters of an hour previously (at 8.0). Assuming that the pace of the express is to that of the ordinary in the proportion of $7\frac{1}{2} : 4$, which would be the further from London when they met?

RESULTS.

A WORD PUZZLE: 1, the Rh er Ebro; 3 Bore. 3, Robe.

A DOMINO PUZZLER.—

3	4	5	4
3	6	5	2
5	2	3	6
5	4	3	4

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MAGIC and MISCHIEF

The Story of a Conjuring Performance and Its Sequel.

By P. Kendal Brooke.

If the possession of many olive branches be, indeed, the blessing that most people claim for it, Mr. Benjamin Bimberry was truly favoured, for he had his quiver full of them. He had given hostages to Fortune in the shape of nine little Bimberrys, of both sexes, who made the rafters ring with their laughter and the wall-papers sticky with their jammy fingers.

Mr. Bimberry himself, good, easy man, although taking a quiet parental pride in his offspring, did not seek to share in their games or lay himself out specially to cater for their amusements. And, when baby Bimberry began to howl, papa Bimberry would promptly beat a retreat. He was not to be lured on to rounders with the elder boys, and even resisted the wild temptation to "be an elephant" and crawl round the dining-room Axminster, to the detriment of his trousers' knees. Truth to tell, he thought that, after a long day in the City, he was entitled to his rest on reaching home. But, in this particular his much-better half was unable to agree with him.

Jane Bimberry was a woman of strong mind and fixed resolve. "Great power of will," said her friends. "Crass obstinacy," retorted her enemies. But, whichever version was the correct one, certain it is that, if Mrs. Bimberry was always warm-hearted, she was also very frequently pig-headed.

And in one particular was she especially so. In her estimation, the principal, though not the sole, duty of man was to devote all his spare time to playing with his children. Mrs. Bimberry was continually protesting on account of poor Benjamin's "stupidity," whilst the latter could only take refuge behind his newspaper and the invincible armour of silence.

Mr. Bimberry happened to possess a friend of great repute for sleight-of-hand and conjuring tricks in general, and at last, goaded mercilessly on by his spouse, he proposed asking Mr. Wiggles to stay a week-end with them and amuse the children. Mrs. Bimberry jumped at the suggestion, and from that moment Benjamin was alternately treated with deep respect for having such a valuable friend, and lofty scorn that his own education had been so neglected that he couldn't even produce a white rabbit out of a photograph-frame. Benjamin bore it all in good part, and looked forward hopefully to enjoying a little peace and quiet whilst the wizard was entertaining "the young idea."

Mr. Wiggles was of the conventional type of "funny man," and the majority of his jokes were entitled to respect if only for their hoary antiquity, whilst most of his "impromptus" had taken him years to think of. He was fat, wheezed so much as to make that process almost a leading feature of his

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entertainments, and was one of those men who always seem too warm. But when the little Bimberrys saw him, they crowded round, an admiring throng, evidently regarding him as one of the seven wonders of the world.

Nothing loth to show off his prowess in legerdemain, Mr. Wiggles had hastily swallowed a cup of tea that was too hot for him, and then immediately commenced a series of tricks with cards—tricks which Mrs. Bimberry couldn't understand, and which bored Mr. Bimberry consumedly. The children began to yawn.

But this was only intended by the prestigiator as a sort of preliminary canter, and was indulged in chiefly to whet the appetite for more. It didn't, so he soon changed his tactics, dropped the cards and found an egg in the baby's hair.

Rapturous applause greeted this feat, and Mr. Wiggles visibly swelled with importance. Borrowing Mamma Bimberry's gold watch, he took up a hammer and (apparently) smashed up the delicate instrument, glass and works alike participating in the general ruin. So artistic was this touch that Toodlekin Bimberry—all the little Bimberrys rejoiced in pet names of a highly idiotic description—began to cry, and the twins let go a joint howl, which caused the magician to put down the hammer hastily and very nearly drop the real watch out of his coat sleeve. Then, after repeating some mystic words, he suddenly put his hand to Papa Bimberry's right boot and produced the watch again in all its pristine glory.

The children gazed open-mouthed at the astounding sight, whilst Mrs. Bimberry gave a look at the conjurer in which a sense of grateful relief at the restoration of her trinket played no unimportant part. Mr. Wiggles then proceeded to show them all a bowl of goldfish, placing it on a table and covering it with a silk handkerchief. A touch with the wand, and lo! *presto!* he raised the silken covering and disclosed, in place of the globe, a lop-eared rabbit!

Awe-stricken, the children sat speechless with astonishment. Mrs. Bimberry was enchanted and threw a reproachful glance at her placid husband, as though to ask why was not he as accomplished in the entertaining of young people? But Benjamin half foresaw what was to be the outcome of all this, in the immediate future, and the look of reproach left him cold.

The great show was to be given that evening, directly after the "grown-ups" had dined. And, to meet the exigencies of the case, dinner was taken early and hurried over, somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Wiggles, who, fond as he was of magic, was fonder still of "Number One."

"It must have taken you years to learn all these amusing tricks, Mr. Wiggles," said Mrs. Bimberry admiringly, as she tasted the soup and found it was smoked.

"Oh, no—knack, my dear lady, knack—nothing else," responded the great man modestly, relinquishing his brave, but futile, struggle with the soup, in pleasing anticipation of the fish to come.

"Mr. Wiggles is a genius at everything, my dear," observed Mr. Bimberry, making a wry face and dropping his spoon into the unsavoury liquid.

The fish course was an improvement—but for being slightly raw, the soles would have been quite eatable.

Mr. Bimberry sighed. His usual unpretentious cut off the joint he found more satisfying than several courses, not one of which was fit to eat.

When the roast appeared—an alleged haunch of mutton, closely resembling a piece of burnt hearthrug—the man of magic gave up the unequal struggle, and wished he had never left his happy home. Mrs. Bimberry made a mental note to let the cook hear of it next morning, on her customary visit to the kitchen.

However, the sweets were surprisingly good. Mr. Wiggles, being gouty, never ate sweets. His hostess pressed them on him, each in turn, but pressed in vain. The hapless visitor had practically to dine off cheese and biscuits. Then, obtaining Mrs. Bimberry's permission to rise, he hurried out of the room, cursing his luck, to make ready for the performance.

"My dear," ventured Mr. Bimberry, "the dinner was atrocious. I don't think Wiggles has had anything to eat."

"Now, Benjamin, don't flurry me; the cook's ideas are good, but her execution is——"

"——a thing to be earnestly desired!" broke in her husband desperately. "She really ought to be hanged!"

A pause ensued. Then Mr. Bimberry continued:

"I wouldn't have asked the man at all if I'd known we couldn't give him a decent dinner."

"My dear Benjamin, the children must be considered," answered the lady somewhat irrelevantly. "Now, if *you* had been able to

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amuse them, we need not have troubled ourselves about Mr. Wiggles."

"I'm not a magician," returned Benjamin doggedly.

"No, that's just it. If you had been——"

"If I had been, I could have seen into the future—and remained a bachelor!" said Mr. Bimberry, with a touch of defiance in his usually gentle tones.

Mrs. Bimberry rose and left the room without deigning to reply.

About a dozen little friends had been asked in, and before dinner the wizard had made up his mind to commence the evening's entertainment by walking in on his hands. But now, as he sat wheezing in his chair, the fear of putting an unfair strain upon his braces effectually deterred him. He determined to open the proceedings with a short speech instead; it would be safer, if less interesting to the children.

Just pausing to swallow a glass of Benjamin's port ("fine old fruity" at 1s. 3d.), Mr. Wiggles proceeded to the drawing-room, armed with a large, square box full of what theatrical people call "props." This he set on the table, and, turning up his cuffs, he struck a becoming attitude, cleared his throat, and began:

"My dear young friends, with your permission, I shall introduce to your notice a few of the wonders of legerdemain——"

"What's that, Mar?" demanded Tommy Bimberry, in loud tones.

Mrs. Bimberry said, "Sh, sh," and Tommy presumably "sh, sh'd," as the conjurer immediately resumed:

"—— which I venture to hope will meet with your approval and excite your curiosity. I address myself particularly to-night to the younger members of the audience, and shall hope for the kind indulgence of our hostess and her excellent husband, the pater family ass"—(he meant *paterfamilias*)—"of this establishment. Now will any lady or gentleman here lend me a handkerchief?"

Tommy Bimberry immediately produced one from his pocket, but his mother, catching a glimpse of it, and hastily deciding that it was quite unfit for publication, stuffed it back again. Benjamin then offered a large, coloured silk bandana, and the "Pres-dig-a-tater," as Mr. Wiggles playfully called himself, took it, with a low bow.

"Now my young friends in front must keep their eyes open. I am about to wrap up this marked half crown in the handkerchief, and then the coin will pass away to the furthest corner of the room."

He paused to give a long, gasping wheeze, and then added:

"The quickness of the 'and deceives the h'eye"—Mr. Wiggles' aspirates, after wheezing, always became an uncertain quantity. He hid the coin beneath the handkerchief, and, after waving his wand over it, at once pointed to the centre of the mantelpiece on the opposite side of the room, and requested Tommy Bimberry to look beneath the clock and there find the errant half-crown.

Alarmed, however, both for her progeny and property, Mrs. Bimberry promptly intercepted the enthusiastic Tommy, and produced the coin herself, amid the applause of the rest. Tommy brooded, in silence, over his disappointment, and made a mental note to revisit the room when no one should be there, and himself make diligent search for derelict half-crowns beneath the clock.

Fortunate, indeed, was it for Mamma Bimberry's peace of mind that she was in ignorance of her firstborn's intentions; a sleepless night for herself, or drastic measures for Tommy, would assuredly have been the result.

The conjurer next proceeded to evolve a bowl of goldfish from the mysterious recesses of his own top hat, and to pass a jam-pot through the solid oak table; whilst absolute screams of delight rewarded him when, after being tightly bound to his chair by two members of the audience, and the lights lowered, he rose a moment later from his seat, a free man, holding the cords neatly coiled in his hands as he made his bow.

"Fancy, Benjamin, if you could only do things like that!" was Mrs. Bimberry's reproachful comment to her spouse.

"Nonsense, my dear," he retorted. "Business men can't be mountebanks."

"But you don't cause any amusement to people, in any one way," she complained.

"Yes, I do—when I sing," he replied.

Mrs. Bimberry smiled grimly. Ben's voice might pardonably be mistaken for a fog-horn, and, in saying what he did, he proved himself an unconscious humorist.

As an interlude, Mr. Wiggles laid aside the "black art" for a few minutes to warble a comic song: "When Father laid the Carpet on the Stairs." This provided uproarious merriment for the youngsters, who nudged each other, and in stage-whispers said that it was "Just like Pa." Benjamin felt annoyed.

After this came some (more or less) wonderful feats of knife throwing. Mr. Wiggles was not uniformly successful in catching the shining blades after spinning

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"The quickness of the 'and deceives the h'eye.

them in the air, and once he got a nasty scratch on the hands. Whereupon he observed, *sotto voce*, something which sounded as if he thought that that particular knife should be used for "ham," or "jam," or something which sounded like that.

But Tommy Bimberry, who was a reflective youth, made mental notes of the performance, and felt quite satisfied that he, personally, could improve upon it vastly.

Mr. Wiggles next swallowed a silver spoon, and immediately produced it from his elbow, and afterwards mysteriously changed a rabbit into a finger ring.

Drawing-room fireworks, "Mount Vesuvius," "Pharaoh's serpents," etc., wound up a really great evening's entertainment; and, wheezing and perspiring, the man of magic bowed to his youthful audience, and retired to the discussion of Benjamin's sandwiches and the fifteen-penny port.

The small guests having departed, the little Bimberrys duly retired for the night; but sleep refused to close their eyelids. "Revolving many things," like Æneas of old, Tommy, Gerald, "Baby"—so called because he wasn't the baby—Tootsie, and Trixie, and Toodlekin all lay tossing on their beds, each having finally determined to take up conjuring as his or her serious profession in life.

Next morning the nursery breakfast afforded Tommy the first opportunity for the practice of his future calling. He proceeded to "pass" the pot of marmalade through the table. To a limited extent, this was a success, *i.e.*, the pot itself, truly, did not "pass," but most of the marmalade did, taking Trixie's pinafore *en route*, and finding a final resting-place on the floor. Nothing daunted by the nurse's menacing attitude, he seized a boiled egg from the table, intending to produce it

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The hurried advent of Mamma Bimberry, and the prompt relegation of the culprits to bed followed.

from the baby's hair, but unluckily it was so hot that he had to drop it.

Naturally it smashed and added yet another ingredient to the material for a sweet omelette already on the floor. This time nurse was firm, and it was only after Tommy had acquired a smart "spank" and other useful information, that he temporarily abandoned his efforts towards becoming a ready-made wizard.

Then Trixie, beaming with eagerness, tried her 'prentice hand. She went into her mother's room and "borrowed" her gold watch from the dressing-table, not apparently thinking it necessary to go through the formality of asking for the loan, and proceeded to smash it up with the poker—that being the nearest approach to a hammer that she could conveniently lay hands on. Then, placing a silk handkerchief over the mixture of powdered glass, watch springs, and tiny cogwheels, with an air born of certain knowledge of "how the thing is done," she placed a piece of bundle-wood, in lieu of the conjuring wand, over the handkerchief, and, removing it, snatched off the silk covering with a flourish, and revealed—not the watch, but alas! the *débris*—one couldn't call it anything else—which she had herself manufactured.

Trixie looked at the wreckage long and hard; yes, there was positively no mistake about it. Whatever description might fittingly apply to the "scrap-heap," one could certainly no longer call it a watch!

Then Trixie rubbed her knuckles into her eyes and began to howl.

Meantime, the adventurous Gerald had gone, "bald-headed," for the bowl of goldfish trick, which he was quite sure he could do. So, watching his opportunity, when the nurse's attention was otherwise engaged, he possessed himself of Mr. Wiggles' *bâton*, and also carried off the bowl in secrecy from the library. As he was picking his way gingerly down the passage, one of the twins rushed suddenly out through a doorway; a truly awful collision ensued—two shrieks, a smashing of glass, then five goldfish and a couple of children all wriggling on the floor together. The hurried advent of Mamma Bimberry, and the prompt relegation of the culprits to bed followed, although it was not yet midday.

But, almost before the dread sentence could be carried into execution, a blood-freezing yell raised poor Mrs. Bimberry right off her chair, to rush distractedly in the

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direction of the nursery. Toodlekin Bimberry had endeavoured to perform the feat, so deftly accomplished overnight by Mr. Wiggles, of swallowing a teaspoon, preliminary to finding it in her own yellow curls, and the attempt had not been accompanied by that measure of success which she had confidently anticipated—*i.e.*, she had got the spoon half way down her throat, but there the proceedings came to an abrupt and very nearly fatal termination.

But for Mrs. Bimberry's prompt arrival on the scene, the greatly daring Toodlekin might easily have been translated to a brighter sphere. The sufferer was almost black in the face, and not until Mrs. Bimberry had dislodged the spoon, and dispatched Benjamin for the doctor, did she feel easy in her mind again.

A little later in the day "Brownie" and "Peterkin" Bimberry tied the baby securely to its high chair, and then incited it to struggle free. But baby Bimberry was neither a humorist nor an acrobat; he did not see any fun in the situation, and entirely failed to grasp the idea of getting rid of his bonds. So he emitted half-a-dozen ear-splitting yells, the last of which was thrown off just as his much-harassed mother rushed wildly into the room by one door, whilst the delinquents unostentatiously quitted it by the other.

This last episode gave pause to Mrs. Bimberry. Conjuring was all very well in its way, when conducted by practical hands, but amateurism, she felt, was open to serious objection. That night, after superintending the putting to bed of her numerous progeny, and, for the twentieth time, ruefully gazing upon the remains of what had once been a gold watch, she said to Benjamin — the magician having gone for a walk—

"I think, my dear, we won't ask Mr. Wiggles to perform any more of his conjuring tricks before the children; it over-excites their brains——"

"Entertains them, my dear, you mean," interrupted Benjamin briskly, with a grin, from behind the rampart of his Sunday paper.

"Er—yes—entertains them too—er—too much, I think. You see, the young have no discretion and, when they watch these tricks, what can you expect?"

"Nothing, my dear, and we've got it," grimly replied her husband, as he recalled all the havoc wrought that day in a once peaceful home.

After a brief pause, Mrs. Bimberry resumed:

"Perhaps, after all, Benjamin, my idea for always entertaining the children doesn't quite answer. I hardly reckoned upon our darlings imitating Mr. Wiggles' tricks."

Mr. Bimberry coughed, and then began sententiously:

"My dear Jane, children are like monkeys——"

"Not in the least, Benjamin!" cried Mrs. Bimberry indignantly, taking him literally; "there's not a particle of resemblance——"

"No, no, my dear," Benjamin hastened to explain; "but they *will* imitate—*that* you can't prevent. However, if you still think they want entertaining, we'll have a Punch and Judy show in the drawing-room, or some Indian snake charmers, or some——"

Mrs. Bimberry gave a slight shudder.

"No, Benjamin, I think not. In future I think our lambs must amuse themselves."

* * * * *

The youthful Bimberrys slowly came back to their normal condition. I regret to state that Mrs. Bimberry's gold watch did not.

"IF."

"A little fly
Is in my eye,
Do try to take it out;
It hurts the fly,
And makes me cry,"
She said, with pretty pout.

"Keep still, then, dear,
Or else I fear
That fly will be no more;
I think it's clear
That one more tear
Will wash him safe ashore.

"But should the fly,
Unaided, die
In that blue, shining sea,
How glad were I
If, when I die,
You would so weep for me."

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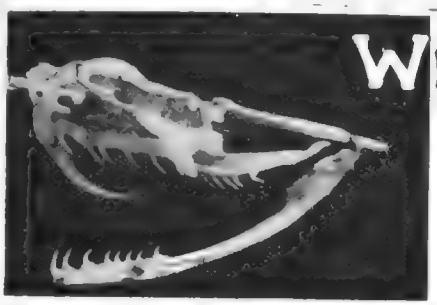
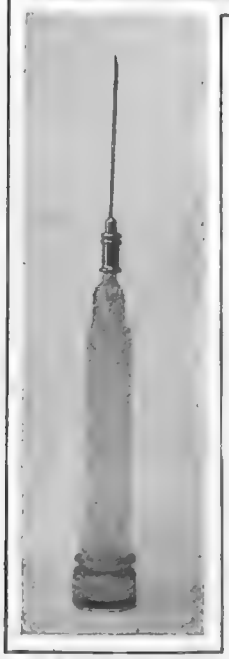


Where We Get Our Ideas

How Man's Inventions and Devices have been Anticipated by Nature.

By W. S. Campbell.



This is the skeleton of a puff adder's head, showing the poison-fang—the long, sharp tooth on the upper jaw. It is hollow, and the poison-gland at its root sends poison through it into the wound made by its bite. The hypodermic syringe acts on the same principle.

It is interesting to notice how men are more and more learning to study Nature and her methods, and observe from evidence on every hand that our cleverest inventions have been anticipated hundreds of centuries ago in the laboratory of Nature. Without doubt the discoveries and inventions of the future which now lie hidden will come to light by the careful observation of the minuter forms of life, which undoubtedly hold the prototypes of the inventions which yet will astonish mankind.

All bites from venomous creatures are extremely difficult to cure, as the poison, being immediately absorbed and taken into the circulation, does its deadly work before any antidote, however powerful, can overtake it. This introduction into the blood of various drugs without any process of digestion, suggested the idea of the hypodermic syringe, which is to all intents and purposes an exact copy of the poisoned fang of the snake.

The fang, like the syringe, is sharply pointed, hollow through its entire length, and has at its base a gland containing the poison. The fang, driven into the flesh, is not withdrawn until the poison bag empties its contents into the wound, exactly in the same way as the doctor, with his hypodermic syringe, measuring the amount of the drug to be used, presses the sharp needle of the syringe into the flesh of his patient at some not too sensitive part of the anatomy, and in a very few moments the effect of the drug is apparent.

In the sensational detective stories often appears an incident describing how a murderer was tracked by discovering on the retina of the eye of the murdered person the exact picture of the last object seen, presumably the man who attacked his victim. This, of course, is an entire illusion; but it is a fact that a living image is produced in the eye.

The lens situated in the middle of the pupil of the eye collects the rays of light, and, being controlled by muscles, is able to vary its focal length, so that objects within a few inches, or many miles away, may instantly be focussed on the black curtain which covers the inner surface of the eyeball. This curtain is the expansion of the optic nerve, and is so sensitive to light that, when an impression falls upon it, vibrations ensue, and are conveyed directly to the brain.

The image produced on the retina, as in the camera, is upside down, owing to the fact that the rays of light have to pass through the lens, and are consequently reversed. We do actually see all objects, therefore, upside down. Cleopatra's Needle is pointing towards our feet, and the cross upon St. Paul's 404 feet lower than our boots. The brain, however, without conscious action, corrects this false impression, as we do not rely for any impression upon one sense alone.

Edison, in his Microscopical Research Department, first conceived the idea of the telephone from looking at the delicate mechanism of the human ear. His electric wire,

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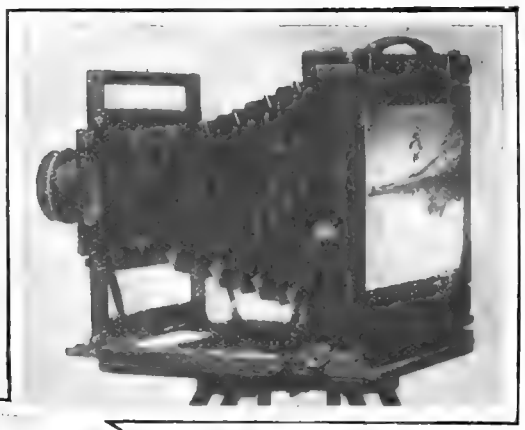
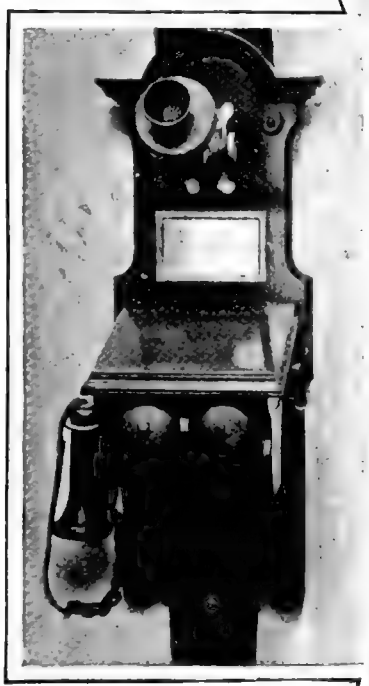
delicately-poised receiver, and expanding mouthpiece are all practically duplicates of the human auditory apparatus

Sometimes we are asked how it is that with two eyes we only see one image when looking at any object. We do indeed actually see two images when we look at any solid article; each eye looks at the object from a slightly but very distinctly different point of view, and this we may prove readily enough by looking at any object with the left and right eye alternately. Then we notice how the article at which we are looking slightly varies its position as the eye is changed.

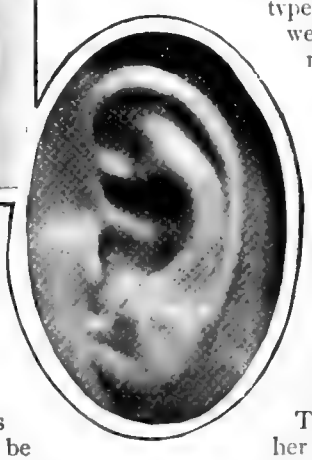
These two different positions are corrected when a very slight inward turn in the direction of both eyes is made; as it were, we slightly squint when looking at any object, and that enables the two views to coincide.



The human eye, with its lens, iris, and retina, exactly corresponds with the camera and its lens, stops, and sensitive plate. The eye suggested the camera.



The human ear suggested the telephone to Edison. His electric wire, receiver, and expanding mouthpiece are all practically duplicates of the human auditory apparatus.



In many diseased conditions of the eye, and when it cannot be properly controlled, we constantly see two images of the same thing; or, indeed, sometimes see four, five, or six duplicates of anything at which we look, which causes a dreadful sense of bewilderment and distress.

The stereoscope and stereoscopic photography are founded on this double vision. Two photographs are taken side by side, but not entirely identical, the views slightly differing in position.

When these two photographs are viewed through a stereoscope the two are combined in one, giving to the spectator such a marvellous appearance of reality and solidness, every object appearing to stand away from its neighbour with such wonderful perspective, that we appear to be looking at the real object and not at a flat picture of the same.

For many years lifeboats were just ordinary rowing boats of a specially strong and serviceable type; but centuries before man's wits were exercised to produce a self-righting ship, a little insect well known to the youngest of us had been endowed with powers which enabled it to produce a prototype of the modern lifeboat. This is the egg raft of the common gnat. It is a collection of gnats' eggs, which, firmly adhering together, is so placed that, however buffeted about by waves, it will, so long as it holds together, always right itself and remain seaworthy.

The mother gnat when depositing her eggs is careful to see that all are placed in a vertical position, the smaller end of the egg being towards the

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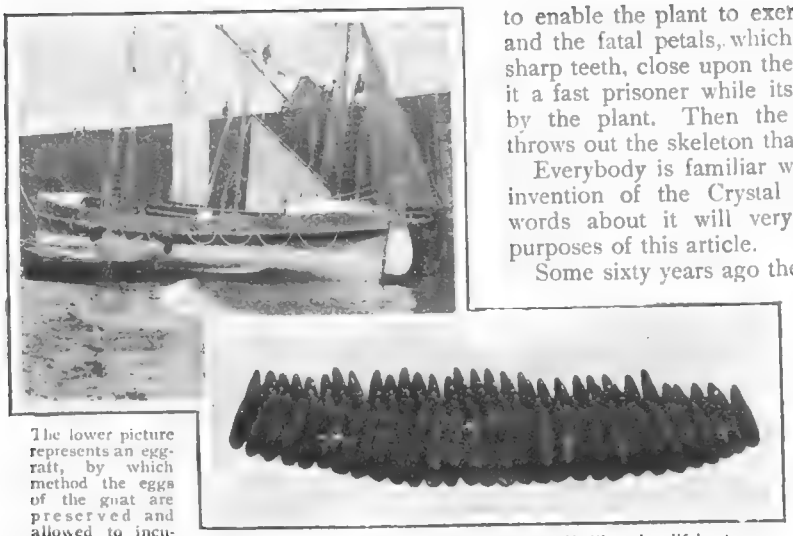


The lower picture represents an egg-raft, by which method the eggs of the gnat are preserved and allowed to incubate. The raft floats, and, if upset, automatically rights itself like the lifeboat.

top. The eggs are united by a glue-like substance, and, when completed, the egg-raft is shaped like a saucer. It is imperative that the egg should be kept warm, and also that it should be placed upon the water in order sufficiently to soften the shell so that the living creature when developed may easily emerge. The embryo, placed at the top of the egg, receives the warmth necessary for its germination, and the water at the lower end, slowly dissolving the shell, allows the little creature in due time to escape from its prison.

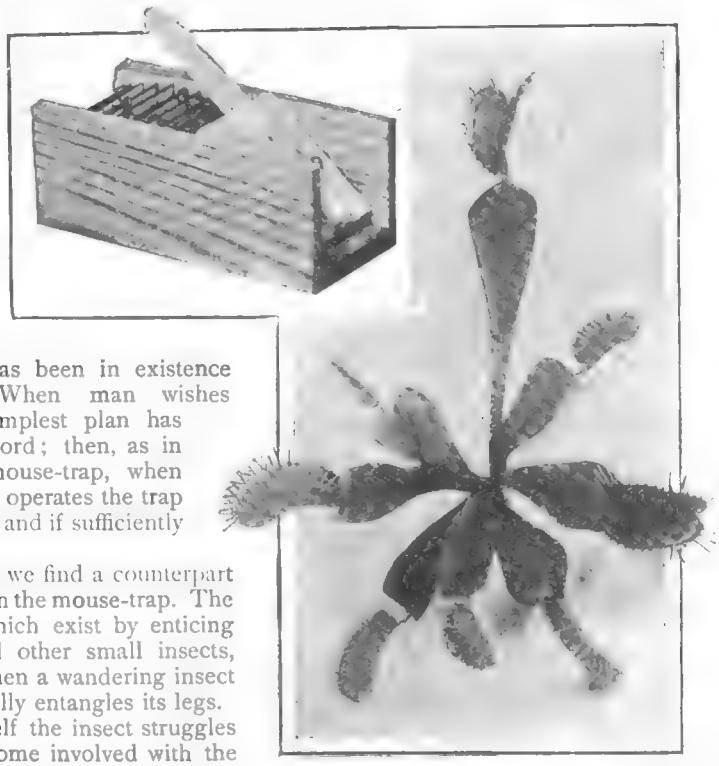
The common fall trap has been in existence from prehistoric times. When man wishes to snare small prey, his simplest plan has been to attach a bait to a cord; then, as in the case of the familiar mouse-trap, when the bait is attacked, the cord operates the trap which closes behind the prey, and if sufficiently strong holds it securely.

In the vegetable kingdom we find a counterpart which exactly corresponds with the mouse-trap. The plants (if plants they be) which exist by enticing on to their leaves flies and other small insects, exude a sweet gum which, when a wandering insect alights upon it to feed, partially entangles its legs.

In the effort to release itself the insect struggles violently, and its wings become involved with the same sticky substance. The time occupied by the little insect in endeavouring to escape is long enough to enable the plant to exert its consciousness, and the fatal petals, which are surrounded by sharp teeth, close upon the living fly and keep it a fast prisoner while its blood is absorbed by the plant. Then the trap uncloses and throws out the skeleton that remains.

Everybody is familiar with the story of the invention of the Crystal Palace, but a few words about it will very well illustrate the purposes of this article.

Some sixty years ago the *Illustrated London News* had a large illustration of a little girl standing upon a leaf of the Victoria Regia, a recently imported plant which had excited universal admiration and notice. The head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth was a keen and systematic student of Nature, and it was owing to his intelligent study that he was able to suggest an idea as to how to solve the problem of



This plant, the *Dronca Muscipula*, which attracts flies by throwing out a sticky, sweet substance, and when they are entangled in it shuts them in with its sharp teeth, may have suggested the mouse-trap.

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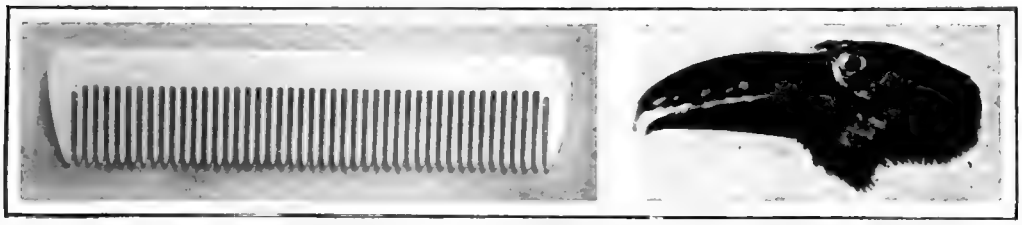


The similarity between the serrated edge of the bill of the mot-mot, a bird which combs its feathers with its beak, and a comb, is very apparent.

constructing the kind of building that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 required.

Mr. Joseph Paxton was not an architect, but a gardener; and when the many architects called in for consultation had failed in their endeavours to design the building he suddenly produced a very rough sketch of a building of an entirely new character from any yet attempted. This not only fulfilled the suggestions of the committee, but was capable of modification, development, and practically indefinite extension at all points.

The idea of constructing a large building of iron girders and glass was at that time considered a very bold experiment, as, of course, for every important structure brick or stone was always used. However, the Crystal Palace as it now stands on Sydenham Hill bears ample evidence to the correctness of Paxton's original conception.

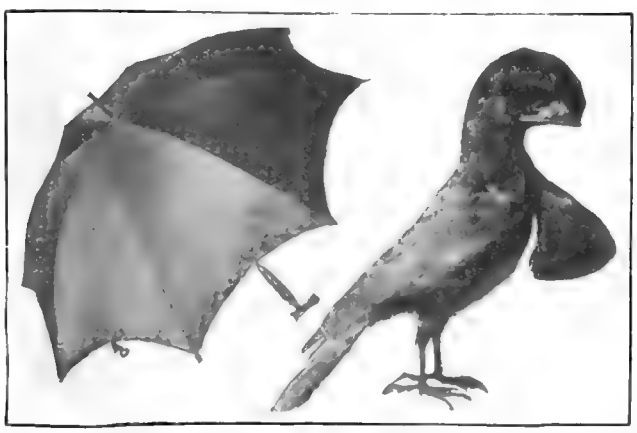
The architect was developed from the gardener entirely by the study of the structure of the leaf of the Victoria Regia. The wonderful power that these enormous leaves possess of supporting any object placed upon them suggested the germ of the idea.

Paxton saw how the power was obtained, and he copied in iron the lines of the vegetable skeleton which gave such strength and buoyancy to the leaf; the result being that he became far more famous as an architect than he would ever have done as a gardener.

Hundreds of people might have looked at one of these leaves and thought but very little of it, but the man with an imagination and some idea of the needs of the future saw it at the right moment, and the building which made the gardener Sir Joseph Paxton yet remains one of the most remarkable buildings in the whole of the world.

There is no doubt that many animals are extremely vain and think a great deal about their personal appearance, and here we see another of the marvellous links which bind man and lower animals into one common brotherhood. The lady of the golden locks, seated before her mirror and combing her silken tresses, is a sister-in-law to the golden-headed mot-mot, which, in order to effect a correct toilet and keep its feathers in perfect condition, has evolved a comb in its beak so effective that each feather can be pruned, detached from its fellows, laid straight, and polished as elegantly as a Bond Street coiffeur would do it.

When we look through our wardrobe we are constantly reminded of the fact that we wear out many articles without using them. The umbrella is a case in point. The fatal split in the silk is caused, not by using, but by carrying, our umbrella. The umbrella bird, mindful, perhaps, of the domestic discord provoked by the non-return of the lent umbrella, has provided itself with an article much superior to the human invention, for its umbrella is self-repairing, and cannot



The tuft above the head of this bird has won for it the name of the "umbrella bird," and doubtless the inventor of umbrellas got his idea from the species.

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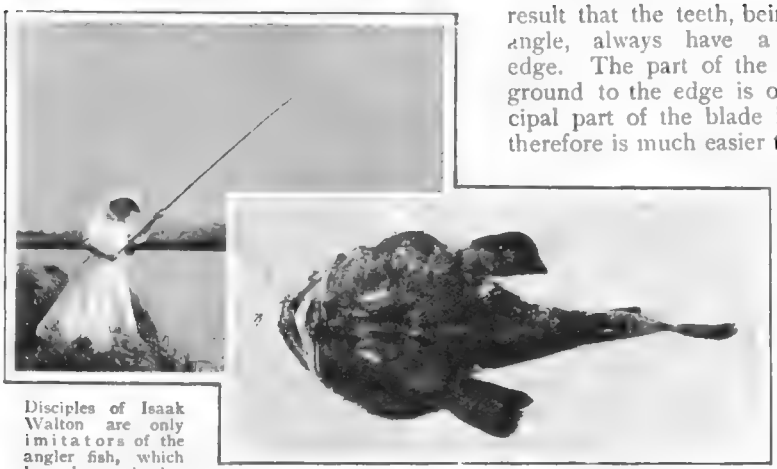


Disciples of Isaak Walton are only imitators of the angler fish, which has a lure projecting from its head. This lure waves about and attracts small fish, which are speedily engulfed in the angler's capacious mouth.

under any circumstances be lent even to its richest aunt.

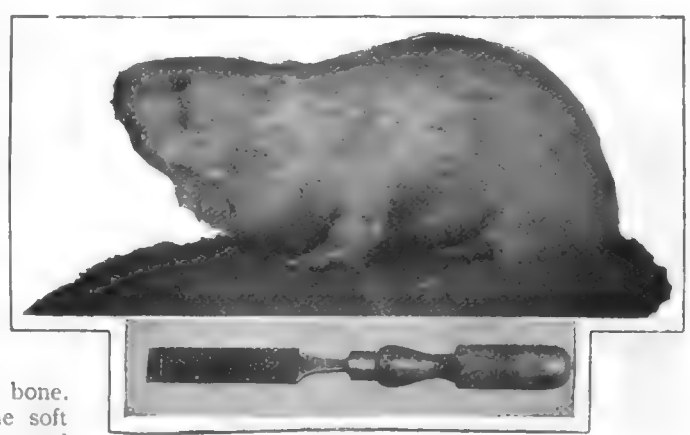
When the enthusiastic angler returns from Loch Leven, we shall all secretly smile if he begins a recital of some new fish stories, and displays with pride his well-preserved "Jock Scots."

How these stories and this boasting would excite the ridicule of the angler fish, which from its own wonderful anatomy provides not only rod, line, and fly, which project from its dreadful-looking forehead, but a fatal landing net within its capacious mouth. Attracted by the lure which consists of three or more silvery filaments attached to the end of a bony projection from its head, small fish collect to watch the interesting object. They are quite unconscious that a huge pair of jaws is slowly opening, which will snap together with terrible force when once a small but tasty victim comes well within range.

The carpenter's chisel, if correctly made, is not composed entirely of steel, but is copied from the cutting teeth of the rodent. The outer surface of the teeth of any beaver, rat, or rabbit, is covered with extremely hard enamel, while the rest of the teeth are of a much softer kind of bone. When the teeth are used the soft bone is much more quickly ground away than the enamel, with the result that the teeth, being worn away at an angle, always have a very sharp cutting edge. The part of the chisel that has to be ground to the edge is of steel, but the principal part of the blade is of softer iron, and therefore is much easier to keep sharp.

Any wind musical instrument that can be lengthened at will gives the performer a fresh series of harmonics. To lengthen a column of air, valves and keys are introduced. The cornet-à-piston, the saxhorn, etc., are constructed on this principle. The far-resounding cry of the swan or the crane is produced by a wonderful apparatus, almost an exact counterpart of such musical instruments as the above. The trachea of these animals, when it enters the chest, is contorted in such a manner as in the case of a trombone, and much greater length of tube can be obtained at will.

Who of the thousands of travellers through the Mont Cenis or Simplon Tunnels this summer have realised that the diamond point drills used to pierce these mountains of granite are but imitations, and feeble imitations at best, of the boring apparatus of the gadfly, or the marvellous little shield tail snake, which, in spite of its soft and tender body, can pierce the hardest substance with its marvellous drill?



The sharp teeth of the bamboo rat were probably the prototypes of the chisel.

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Very few of us are able to preserve our eyesight perfect until we reach old age. Youth is habitually careless and improvident; we strain our sight in a most foolish way—reading in a dull light, by the fire, in dimly-lit railway trains where constant shaking blurs the type—all these things are fatal to the preservation of a delicate piece of mechanism like the human eye. Towards old age we find that we are able to perceive distant objects with comparative clearness, but when a book has to be read we experience difficulty.

This is the *trachea* of a crane, by which it produces its trumpet-like note. This *trachea* no doubt suggested the cornet, which, as may be seen, is made on the same plan.

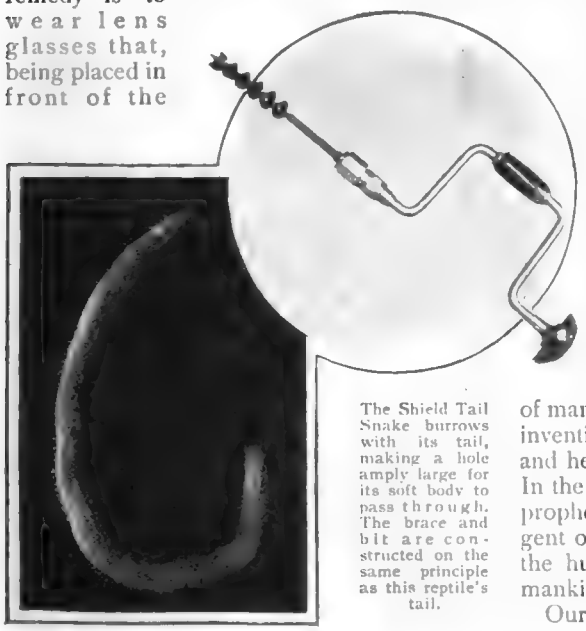
Most elderly people require to hold the book almost at arm's length from their eyes in order to distinguish the letters; this is caused by the lens of the eye being not quite sufficiently convex, the focus of the eye being thrown too far back. This can be remedied by wearing proper spectacles which will correct the deficiency.

If, however, the trouble arises from a reverse of these conditions, the eye being unable to see distant objects but capable of seeing things close at hand, we are called short-sighted, and this defect is exactly the reverse of the previous one.

The eye is too convex and the rays of light are brought to a focus short of the required distance on the retina, with the result that there is a painful straining of the eye to distinguish most objects. The remedy is to wear lens glasses that, being placed in front of the eye, are sufficiently concave to throw the focus back upon the right part of the organ.

Our opticians have not yet succeeded in inventing a pair of spectacles that will automatically change focus; but we may take a hint once again from Dame Nature, and if we examine the eyes of birds especially we shall find how marvellously they are supplied with the means of doing this.

The eye of the owl, for instance, affords an excellent illustration. The eyeball is surrounded by a framework composed of thin plates of very delicately-hinged bone which, when compressed, drive the surfaces of the lens forward, making the angle very much wider, and so bring into focus objects very close indeed to the eye. When the pressure is released the lens flattens and so is able to bring into focus objects far away; it is as though the bird were provided with a telescope and microscope in each eye.



The Shield Tail Snake burrows with its tail, making a hole amply large for its soft body to pass through. The brace and bit are constructed on the same principle as this reptile's tail.

These examples are just a few out of many thousands which demonstrate how the inventive faculty in man may be stimulated and helped by a close observation of Nature. In the light of such knowledge, it is safe to prophesy that fortunes yet await the intelligent observer who can adapt the methods of the humbler creation to the larger needs of mankind.

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A WOLF-SHEARING AT GIBBONS'

♡

How a Tenderfoot Collected His I O U's.

♡

By
William Henry Eaper.

♡

He outbidded and outbidded the tenderfoot—before that, the tenderfoot had outbidded us. The three drinks under Scrub's belt were warming him into a reminiscent mood. The tenderfoot had done—got all our money—most mighty-nigh cleaned out the hull camp. We took turns a-writin' "I O Tenderfoot," and "I promise to pay Tenderfoot," until our writing-paper had most give out.

Then Tenderfoot, he yawned and allowed he wouldn't play any more. That was the signal we had agreed upon. Three pairs of well-greased six-shooters were simultaneously loosed beneath the table. Tenderfoot, some rough-housed, hit the trail right sudden. He carried with him our promises to pay; but it didn't seem likely he'd show up to clear. That's all then that was to that. The honour of Gibbons' had been vindicated, as they say in the plays. We was, to be sure, some shy of the rhino, but pay-day happened to be next day.

'Twas two days later we received notice there was a missioner at the de-pot. She was a sort of female sky-pilot—a missioner as was a-goin' to hold a contracted revival at Gibbons' and round-up the lost goats. Would some kind cow-man be good enough to escort the missioner into the cow-camp, the word came? Well, the whole Gibbons' gang fetched up at Gibbons' bar as soon as the news got about, and then half the cow-camp careened away over the five miles of alkali to meet the missioner at the de-pot.

Why? Lord, don't ask me. The notion hit them. Ain't that reason enough?

When the agent at the de-pot seen the gang a-comin' he throwed up his hands awful sudden. He was some flustered the way things looked. Once before—'way back in the early history at Gibbons'—the Gibbons' lambs had regaled themselves with Gibbons' liquid cheer and stampeded for the de-pot.

On that occasion there wa'n't enough left o' ther de-pot to attract the notice of passing trains. The four-miles-an-hour flier that pulled the twenty odd string of cattle-empties, to which was hooked the "Cactus-Land" Pullman, didn't even look up, but went a-racketing by, carrying the sheriff, who had a warrant for Gibbons', forty miles further on. To the agent the present demonstration looked like a parallel—anyway, he wasn't taking chances. He hit the trail for the tall timber over in Montana, and—so far's I know—he's still on the jump.

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"If you three fine cow-gentlemen will be kind enough," she said, "I will be everlastin' obliged to you for your wads."

"Whar's ther missioner?" roared Weedy, soon as we come close enough to be heard. "The sky-pilot in petticoats who's come to hold ther counter-acted survival at Gibbons'. Fork her over prompt, or I'll make a sieve of you. We come down to escort the missioner over the boulevard to the cow-land oasis where she's going to grate a few glory lights into the whisky-muddled cocoanuts of some of Sin's own children. There's a heap o' this gang a-needin' salvation, an' a-needin' it powerful bad. There's a-goin' to be a heap o' things happen right after each other over to Gibbons' to-night, an' it's going to be a shore-enough downright survival, too—a survival of the fittest. I say, perdooce the lady."

Just then a dream in pink and white stepped from behind the chuckbox station. Say, but she was a peach right off the prize tree—snapping black eyes and a complexion like raspberries and cream.

"My," says the missioner, for that's who it was, "what a nice, fine lot of cow-gentlemen

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you are! I am sure that our revival meetings will be successful, with such an excellent concourse of praise princes to help out."

And:

"Oh, my, oh, what large guns you western gentlemen do carry, to be sure!"

Then:

"Who might this large Christian with the long spurs be? I choose him to be my *aide* during the revival. I'm quite sure he has a very gentle disposition, and will be just the one among you to set a worthy example."

"Weedy, Weedy!" we yelled in unholy glee, as the missioner motioned Weedy to the front of the gang. "Weedy shore can beat any man around these parts a-misquotin' of scripter."

"Mister Weedy," said the missioner, opening up a little black box she carried, "I'm a-goin' to take your picter."

Well, I shore did think Weedy was a-goin' to drop dead right there. He turned white, and then red, and then white again, and acted like he was a-goin' to fall outen the saddle. Finally he shuk himself together a couple of times and braced up to meet whatever happened to be comin'.

"And these other two cow-gentlemen here," said the missioner. "We might include them in the picter also. Will some of you tell me what their names are?"

"Scrub!" yelled the gang.

"Chuck!"

Chuck and me wobbled some in our saddles, but we made out to ride up to where Weedy was.

"Now," said the missioner, "if the rest of you will go back to the camp and procure a conveyance of some sort in which I may ride, I will proceed to hold the first conference of the revival with Mister Weedy and Mister Chuck and Mister Scrub."

The gang wheeled and tore a seething hole in the atmosphere in the direction of Gibbons'. The missioner snapped something inside the little black box, and told us our picters was took. We three drawed a great sigh of relief.

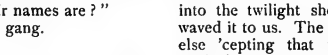
"Now," said the missioner, "if you three Christian cow-gentlemen will allow me, I would like to take a picter of your guns and cartridge-belts. I want to send this picter home to show the folks there how well I am protected by my gallant *aides*."

We unslung our guns, and the missioner piled them in a heap on the ground. From four of the guns the missioner extracted the cartridges. The other two she presented at our heads.

"If you three fine cow-gentlemen will be kind enough," she said, "I will be everlastin' obliged to you for your wads."

She certainly had the drop on us, and we handed over the coin very peaceable.

Just then the flier gave a toot, an' the missioner run and jumped on the rear of "Cactus-Land." As the train pulled away into the twilight she took off her hat and waved it to us. The missioner wa'n't nobody else 'cepting that measly, pink-cheeked tenderfoot come to collect those durned "I O Tenderfoot" we had given him. So help me jumping Moses if it wasn't!



AN UNJUST ACCUSATION.

The cook seized Tommy by the arm
And cried: "Attend to me!
I placed ten tartlets on this plate—
It's empty now, you see.

"I'm almost certain you have been
And eaten all the ten."
Cried Tommy: "What a charge to make!
I'm sure I haven't, then."

The cook exclaimed: "I'm sure you have,"
And shook him as she spoke;
"Just tell me what you've done with them—
This is beyond a joke."

Said Tommy: "If ten tarts were left
Upon that plate to-day,
I haven't seen them, anyhow;
That's all I have to say."

"You know I'm very fond of you,"
The stout cook shed a tear;
"You must have had those tarts, I'm sure—
Now, tell me, there's a dear."

Cried Tommy: "How you say such things
I really can't divine;
I counted every tart I ate,
And there were only nine!"

Herbert J. Brandon.

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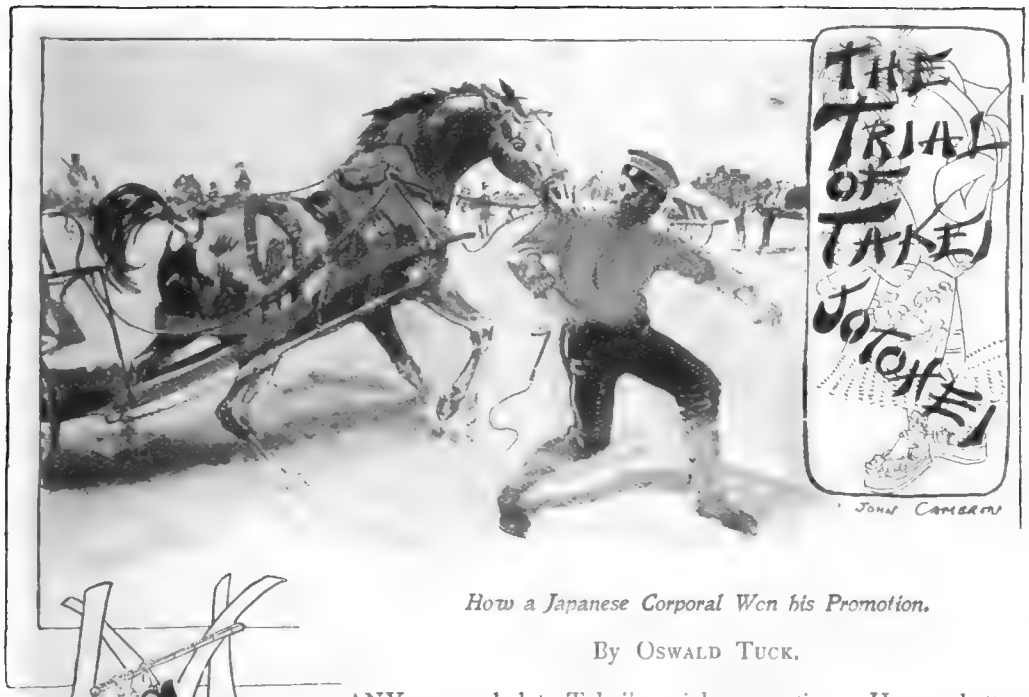

How a Japanese Corporal Won his Promotion.

By Oswald Tuck.

ANY causes led to Takei's quick promotion. He was better educated than most of the other men in the powder-train, for he had been a schoolmaster in the world without before the Emperor had called him to the army. His gentleness and lack of pride made him liked by his brother soldiers, and his readiness to work gained him the approval of all his officers. When he was made *jotohei* (corporal) all the men said: "It is right that so good a soldier should be rewarded." The captain of the company always sent for Takei when there was something more than usually difficult to be done; so that all said: "Ah, the captain trusts Takei!"

He was a little man, this captain, much smaller than his men. In the Japanese army they put the tallest men in the artillery, and there was not a man in the company who was not bigger than his captain.

He was always lecturing them about the horses. He would say: "You men have hands and can look after yourselves; a horse has only four feet, and cannot see after himself. When we get to the war, if the horses are not fit, who will pull the gun-carriages and powder-waggons? *You* will have to! So take good care of the horses."

One hot, dusty day, the day of the trial of Takei, they were practising hitching the horses into the powder-carts, and the men in their stripy white and blue shirts worked away till the sweat soaked them through and through.

Japanese horses are not very tractable at any time, and the hot weather and the drill worried them. Takei's horse was noted for its ill-temper, and at the sixth repetition of the hitching into the cart it squealed and showed the whites of its eyes. "Unhitch!" shouted the captain. Then, when all the horses had been taken out: "Hitch up again!" This was too much for Takei's brute; it struggled and squealed, and tried its utmost to prevent him getting it into the cart. He exerted all his strength, and, with his temper oozing out of his pores, managed at last to fix the horse firmly in. And then with a furious squeal it bit him on the shoulder. The pain drove away his last fragment of patience, and with a cry of *chikusho!* (beast!) he brought down his whip twice on the vicious brute's neck.

A shout from the captain: "Takei Jotohei!" called him to his senses. "*Hai*," he made the soldier's reply.

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The captain raised his whip again. It fell in the same place, harder, more cruelly than before.

"Come here!" He ran out to the captain, saluted, and stood stiffly to attention.

The captain, his eyes crimson, shouted "Company—attention!" All the men stood motionless.

Then, turning to Takei, he said slowly and clearly in a biting voice: "Takei Jotohei, I have told this company that they must treat the horses kindly. You, a *jotohei*, presumably a model to the men, choose to beat a horse when it is fastened in the waggon. Is that kind? Do you know what it is like to be beaten when you cannot move?"

Again the captain's voice arose more icily clear.

"Do you know what it feels like to be beaten when you may not move? No? Then I will show you. It is like *this*"—and he brought down his whip—slash!—across the man's shoulders; just where it fell a little blood oozed through. Takei gave a slight shiver; he raised his eyes and glanced at his captain; a dull, red flush dyed his face and neck—and then he stood motionless as before, his clenched hands straightened themselves, and with his body at attention he waited for the order of dismissal.

But again the captain's voice thrilled through the air:

"Takei Jotohei!"

"*Hai.*" Only the captain heard that low reply, but his loud voice went on.

"You, a *jotohei*, have been beaten with a whip like a dog before all your men. Is there any shame like that? Your father will be very proud of you!"

The biting sarcasm of the words sent a shiver through the men. There was no change in Takei's rigid attitude.

Again the voice went on:

"You hit that horse *twice*."

There was a sinister meaning in the words. Not a man breathed. The captain raised his whip again. It fell in the same place, harder, more cruelly than before. Takei did not clench his hands this time; he did not flush—he was white now.

The little captain looked up at his downcast face for a few seconds, then spoke again;

"Back to your horse. Go!"

"*Hai.*" Takei raised his eyes for the second time to his captain's face, saluted, and ran back to his waggon.

"Continue the drill." The horses, frightened by the silence, behaved quietly. In a few minutes the captain's voice rang out again: "Dismiss!" And he walked, clanking, to his office.

* * * * *

Takei sat in the barrack-room, his elbows on the table, his head in his hands. The Japanese soldier is a light-hearted soul, and, like all his nation, full of jokes; but to-day the room was uncannily quiet. Who could jest who saw that bowed figure? They whispered among themselves. Then the senior sergeant stepped forward.

"Takei Kun."

He did not look up. "What is it?"

"Don't think that you are disgraced in our eyes. It was all the horse's fault; we all know what a beast it is. Any of us would

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have done the same. We think the captain was too brutal, and we are more sorry for you than we can say."

Takei turned his head. "No," he said, "it was the horse's nature, not its fault. The captain has often told us we must be kind to them. As for me—well—you know the foreigner's Kiristo was a sacrifice. I, too, in a humble way, am a sacrifice for the regiment. If I, a *jotohei*, met with such treatment, it was because the captain wished to show the men what they must expect. Is there a man who will illtreat a horse again? As for the captain"—he stood up and faced them squarely—"the captain beat me for the sake of Japan, and I am very proud of him. You may tell the men that I shall serve and obey such a true son of Nippon more faithfully and loyally than ever."

The sergeant was silent for a moment. Then, in the most formal voice, using the highest honorifics, he said: "I have the honour to raise my hand in salute to a very perfect Japanese soldier"—and, bending his head, he, the senior sergeant, gave to Takei, the junior *jotohei*, the salute due to a field-marshal.

Takei glanced up, startled; then, seeing the meaning of the other's action, for the second time that morning he flushed crimson.

He returned the salute, and the sergeant marched out, followed by all. The last man glanced back, to see Takei, his head buried in his hands, and his body quivering.

* * * *

Exactly a month after, the little captain sent for the sergeant-major.

"Sergeant-major."

"*Hai*"—the usual soldier's reply.

"Sergeant Umemoto is ordered to join the 5th Battery. Whom do you suggest for promotion in his place?"

"*Hai*. There is Takahashi, Kondo, and ——" he hesitated.

The captain impatiently stamped his foot. He looked up at the big sergeant as if expecting something. "Who else? Who's the third?"

"Takei Jotohei."

The captain seemed satisfied. He repeated: "Ah! Takei Jotohei. You may tell Takei Jotohei that he is promoted."

The big sergeant-major looked a trifle astonished.

"*Hai*. When will your honour deign to examine him?"

He was thinking of that scene on the parade ground a month past; there rose up before his mental vision Takei Jotohei standing very still and erect before his angry captain; he recalled the officer's cold, scathing words, and the two disgraceful blows to which Takei had submitted.

Had the captain forgotten all this? Or did he remember, and was it because of it that he——?

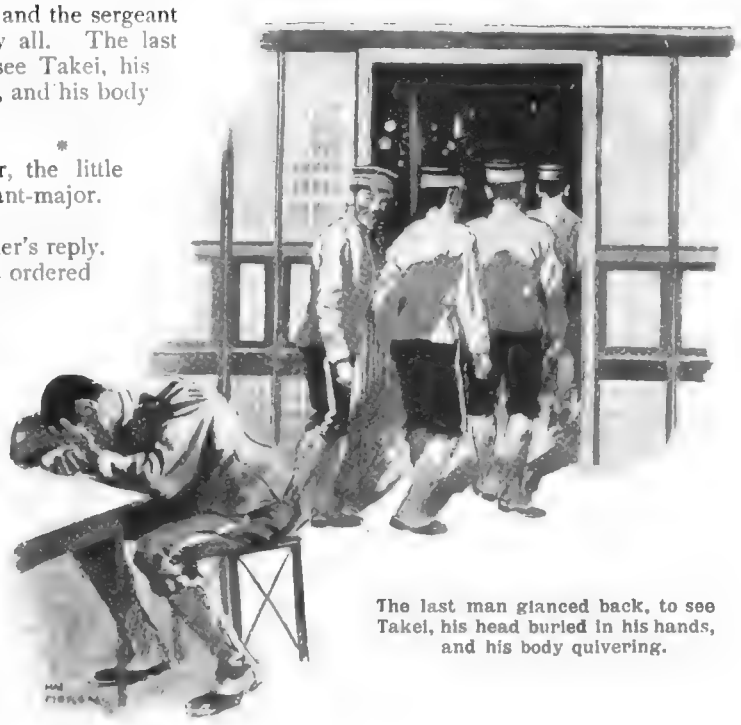
The captain looked up at the sergeant. "I examined Takei Jotohei on the parade ground a month ago—and he passed—with honours. Go!"

The sergeant saluted and went out. He, too, as well as Takei, understood.

This was the fruit of the patience and long-suffering which Takei had displayed in the most trying circumstances.

* * * * *

Every word of this story is true, even Takei's strange remark about the sacrifice. Which is to be the more admired, the officer who understood his man, or the man who understood his officer?



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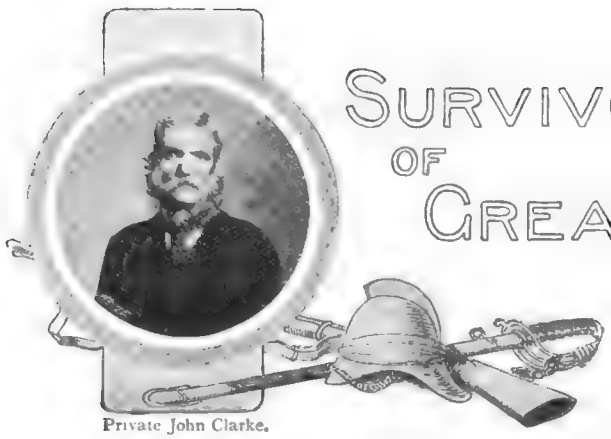

Private John Clarke.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events

No. XXV.—WITH GORDON IN CHINA—THE STORMING OF CANTON.

From the Narrative of Private John Clarke, of the 59th Regiment.

As told to Walter Wood.

One of the chief events in the protracted war with China of 1856 to 1860 was the blockade and capture of Canton. After the city had been bombarded it was stormed and taken. Charles George Gordon was associated with these enterprises, and very interesting glimpses of the man who was already winning fame as "Chinese Gordon" are obtained from the story of Mr. John Clarke, who, as a private in the 59th Regiment, served under Gordon at Canton. Mr. Clarke possessed the medal for the war, with the rare clasp "Canton." A quarter of a century ago it was snatched from his breast by a thief, and has never been recovered. a loss which to this day is a source of grief to the gallant old veteran whose story is here retold.

I WENT from Ireland to China in the 'fifties, in those depressing, gloomy days when England was saddled with the woes and burdens of the Crimean and Mutiny Campaigns and the war with China, to say nothing of minor struggles. I embarked in the summer of 1855, when most people had had more than enough of war and its horrors, but there was trouble with the Celestial, and soldiers were wanted—and even the knowledge that it meant a long, dangerous voyage to China, and fighting creatures that could scarcely be called human, did not keep us young fellows back.

A sailing ship, the *Koh-i-noor*, carried 270 of us, officers and men of the old 59th Foot, now the 2nd East Lancashire regiment, to say nothing of the women and children. It was a terrible voyage—five months we were in getting out to Hong-Kong. From start to finish we had nothing but storms, and nobody in these days can realise the horrors and sufferings of such a passage. Over the Bay of Biscay, down the South Atlantic, across the Indian Ocean—all that way we were assaulted by the winds and smashed and damaged by the furious seas.

The worst trial came in the China Sea, when a typhoon struck the *Koh-i-noor*. For three full weeks—twenty-one unspeakable days and nights—the ship was hove to, and there was scarcely a soul on board who believed that she would live. Battened down, imprisoned in a dark hole that was lit only by a few dim lanterns, men, women and children were huddled together and bruised cruelly by the motion of the ship; we were nearly poisoned, too, by the foul air which we were forced to breathe, and some of those amongst us were almost driven mad. Beef-casks, pork-casks, water-casks — all sorts of heavy articles were torn adrift and hurled about, and you could hear the thud of these things against the ship's sides even above the cries and wails of the terrified women and children.

Can you wonder that in such surroundings men became mad with desperation and swore that they must have fresh air and freedom, even if it meant death? Better at any rate to die in the open air, they said, than trapped in a living tomb. Human courage sometimes reaches a stage when it can endure no more. There comes a time, I think, with all of us, when we feel that almost any death is better than a miserable and hopeless existence. Certainly to every prisoner there comes the irresistible desire to make a bid for freedom. Such a wish possessed us all—officers as well as men—and it found expression in a form which is perhaps without a parallel—at any rate I never heard of one.

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It seemed clear that if we were kept imprisoned below we should perish of suffocation. Such a thing happened not long before Trafalgar, and on a short voyage from Jersey to Spithead. A hundred and twenty soldiers and women were battened down in a small ship in a December gale in the Channel. Forty-seven men and three women were stifled and another man died when Cowes Road was reached. We did not want a repetition of that disaster.

So far the *Koh-i-noor's* officers had done as they thought fit—and Heaven knows their trials were great enough without having more burdens added to them. But they had to meet a startling and unexpected difficulty.

There was a furious thudding on the door of the companion, a desperate summons which brought the captain of the ship. He came up and demanded to know what we wanted. Then he found that the man he had to reason with was Captain Joy, one of our officers, a resolute and fearless soldier.

"What is it you want, sir?" the captain shouted.

"Want?" replied our captain, "we want some fresh air! We are being poisoned down here. If you don't take the hatches off we shall be suffocated!"

"I warn you," answered the captain, "that if the hatches are tampered with the ship will founder. It takes us all our time to keep her afloat even as it is."

"Open the door!" ordered Captain Joy.

They did his bidding, and then they saw that he was armed for action—in one hand he grasped his sword, in the other he held a revolver.

"Now," he said sternly, "our minds are made up—if you don't remove the hatches we shall force you!"

Well, it seemed as if the captain had to take his choice between two forms of death—and as, after all, there was more hope even from the storm than maddened soldiers, he let some air down below. Plenty of the China Sea came with it, but we did not mind that, and glad beyond my telling were we to breathe again with something like freedom.

We reached Hong-Kong at last—less nineteen of our number, for seventeen fine fellows had died of cholera—a hideous visitation in such a ship, and one that appals the bravest heart. One of the children also had died. But the greatest event was the loss of our colonel. A terrible fellow he was—often enough he was drunk when he came on deck to read the prayers. One day he collapsed suddenly, as men so often do in the tropics, and he did not live long. He was neither liked nor respected, and we were all very comforted to see him go over the side.

Our luck in officers changed, however, when we reached China. We had as fine a colonel as ever walked, and as good an adjutant as ever took a battalion in hand. Perhaps all that was meant to prepare us for association with one of the kindest and yet bravest officers who have served in the Army, and that is saying a good deal—I mean General Charles Gordon—"Chinese Gordon" they called him in those days, when, in my opinion, he was more a doctor and a missionary than fighting-man, because of the extraordinary interest he took in the bodily and spiritual welfare of his fellow-creatures. Colour of skin made no difference to him, and he worked as hard for the yellow man as he did for the white man.

My first sight of the famous soldier, who in after years was to be left to his fate at Khartoum, was in Hong-Kong Hospital. He was then visiting the sick. I was a patient myself, and came under his notice. The General, as I like to call him—though at that time he was a major—was a wonderfully kind, grave man—a tall, good-looking man, who did everything he could for the poor fellows who went out to fight either the heathen or anybody else, and were often enough left to starve by an ungrateful country. How many sober, hard-working old soldiers, I wonder, are there even at this moment, neglected and utterly forgotten? Who remembers what they have done? Who cares?

No wonder men like General Gordon were worshipped by soldiers and sailors. He believed in discipline—nobody more so—but he also believed in humanity, and his very soul rose against the barbarities which were practised in the Army in those days. Yes, my short-service lads, you do not know what you have to be thankful for—the slightest breach of discipline meant flogging. Even if a man walked out of bounds, strolled beyond the limits set for us—and they were so harassing as to make us practically prisoners—he got two dozen lashes.

This savage, indiscriminate punishment was more than General Gordon could endure. He set to work, like the good, Christian soldier he was, to abolish it, and with the help of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, commanding the Naval forces, he succeeded. The "cat" was put aside—and I can tell you the men did not fight any the worse because they were treated like human beings and not

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dogs. I ought to alter that, for dogs were sometimes better treated than soldiers in those distant fighting days. General Gordon, as all the world knows, was butchered by fanatics at Khartoum. It is strange that Admiral Seymour also met a violent death. He was killed in the hunting field at home.

Stirring things were done in those days in the Far East. The idea was by no means dead that all Orientals and Celestials were proper prey and fair game for white men—and that meant Englishmen. There was war with China, too, and this justified actions which, I dare say, would arouse bitter quarrels nowadays. I remember so well that for three whole months we were employed in getting bars of solid gold from the Chinese Treasury at Canton, and the Chinese troops were forced to bring it from that city to the coast for shipment. Our men marched with them, with loaded rifles. I never shared in this duty myself, but often saw it. Only the men who were not physically fit for anything else were chosen. As for me, I was a big, strong, healthy fellow then, weighing over twelve stone. Now I do not weigh nine. Then I sprang to the bugle-sound; now I hobble on the pavement, leaning on my stick.

Some of the gold was sent to the regiment to be issued in what was called "batty" money. But they were slow-moving people in the fifties. I did not get my share until I had been home for eighteen months—then £4 os. 8d. was paid to me at Colchester. That was at the not very lavish rate of a pound annually for the four years I served in China.

We were always on parade, under arms, ready when the "alarm" was sounded to storm the fort, and there was not a soul amongst us who was not glad when we knew that at last we were really going to rush the fort and try to capture Canton. True, we had no great notion of the Chinese as fighters, but they were guilty of practices to the wounded which made even the bravest and most reckless of our fellows shrink from falling into their clutches.

We got quite used, while in barracks, to hearing the dreadful cries of their own sick and wounded people who, on a hill not far away, were made fast to stakes and left to die. All that the Chinese did for them was to convey food and place it near enough to be taken and eaten. Men, women, and children—old and young—were treated alike, and, although we knew what the punishment was for disobedience, often enough one or more of us would slip out of barracks and take a little food for the poor victims of Chinese barbarities. If we were caught by our own sentries—well, it was the lash; if we fell into the hands of the Chinese, it was death, and worse. Neither alternative was attractive. To torture and mutilate an infidel was a sure way to the heathen paradise.

In one little affair three men of the 59th were knocked down by a shower of stones from the city wall and a discharge of fire-arms. One man escaped, but before the other two could be rescued the Chinese soldiers had rushed down and cut off their heads. A steamer full of people had been butchered by these barbarians, and they had tried to destroy Europeans wholesale by poisoning bread. I mention these things to show you that in time of war it is not always battle itself which you have to fear.

The investment had dragged on for several months. During that time the suburbs had been destroyed by us, and there had been plenty of spasmodic fighting. You may wonder why it was not brought to a speedier finish. Well, the reason was the Mutiny, which left us short of men. Several regiments had been ordered to China from England, but on the way out their destination was altered to India. So we had to play a waiting game of blockading, which is one of the most trying and wearisome things a soldier has to do. By Christmas Day, 1857, all was ready for the attack on Canton, in which we were to have the help of French, Americans, and Portuguese, who were present to protect their countries' interests.

On December 28th the attack began, and we were in splendid form for it. There were then about six thousand of us, all told, soldiers, sailors, and marines, including a French naval brigade nearly a thousand strong. A singular fact is that, while we were fighting the natives in India, an Indian native regiment, the 78th Madras Light Infantry, was co-operating with us against the Chinese—but, of course, not all the Indian troops were disloyal.

That part of Canton which we of the 59th had to take was known as Lin's Fort, or East Fort, a stronghold mounting a dozen masked guns. It was a surprising business, and I can assure you that, horrible as some of the happenings were, there were many things that made us laugh. It all seemed so strange and unreal—these heathen Chinamen with their barbarous ways and comic opera methods of campaigning. Some of them were so queerly dressed that you might have thought they had come out of the Ark itself.

They had the most astonishing firearms

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Lieutenant Hacket of the 59th . . . dashed up to a body of Chinese . . . but . . . found that he was trapped.

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called *jingals*, which took three men to fire them. One held the muzzle on his shoulder, and another's shoulder supported the middle. Then the gunner, or whatever else you like to call him, held the butt and aimed, and as often as not he did himself more mischief than he inflicted on the enemy. It took fully two minutes to load and fire a *jingal*, while in the same time we could discharge our old Miniés, bad though they were, twenty times.

The worst of the heathen was that as soon as we got near them they would bolt, and would not trouble to carry off their *jingals* with them. That was when they got to know the feel of a bayonet. The gleam of the light on the steel was very sobering in its effect, and when a British Tommy walked Chinese Johnny ran.

The ground over which we were fighting was just one vast graveyard—a collection of the round graves in which the Chinese bury their dead. We sprang and ran from one to the other, every mound we took bringing us nearer to the fort. One of our young officers —Lieutenant Hacket of the 59th—was among the first to rush towards the enemy. He dashed up to a body of Chinese who appeared to be villagers, but as soon as he reached them he found that he was trapped—they were disguised Chinese soldiers. In a twinkling his head was off his shoulders, and as swiftly two of the "villagers" were shot. A third was taken alive, and by way of example he was hanged on the spot.

You may call it harsh and brutal if you like, but there was no help for it. Many terrible things were done in that war on both sides, and I am not ashamed to say that I went around myself more than once and bayoneted wounded Chinamen. What would you have? Their own people had abandoned them, there was no hope, and they begged as a mercy to have their tortures ended.

Why conceal the horrors of war? The more they are revealed the sooner will men sicken and say that war shall be no more. But that will not be in my time, nor even yours, for war is in the blood of man.

The capture of the fort was only the opening of the ball. It was the reward of patience and a day's hard fight. The Chinese never ceased to fire upon us, the sky was red with burning buildings, and the air was filled with strange, unearthly noises. We cared nothing for all these things, and those of us who were not on sentry went to sleep and left the Chinamen to pot away.

We wanted fresh strength for the morrow, when the great climax was to be reached—the storming of the walls of Canton, a business desperate enough to satisfy even the boldest, because the walls were forty feet high and the only way to reach the top was to swarm up scaling ladders. More than one of us shrugged his shoulders when he saw the height of the obstacle, and more than one comforted himself with the thought that a fall from top to bottom, supposing he had to be left in the ditch, would make it a matter of indifference who picked him up. I do not think that in those hard days of fifty years ago soldiers troubled so much as they do now about dying. It was part of their business.

It was an awe-inspiring night for those who had to keep awake through the darkness—fires flaring and showing burning buildings, shells whizzing from the ships in the river, and from time to time awful crashes as they burst. Then there would be breaks of perfect silence.

At last the daylight came and the assault began. The walls, as I have said, were forty feet high—you can tell what that means by looking at the side of a tall building—and the well-served field guns smashed in a jagged breach for entry while the scaling ladders, which were primitive affairs made of bamboos, were hurried forward, and the stormers followed.

There was the constant thudding of the shot against the gate where it was hoped a breach would be made; but the gate was buttressed with thousands of bags of sand, and it seemed as if they would never be beaten in.

Amid the crashing of the guns we advanced; we got our clumsy ladders reared against the walls, and then began a furious fight to reach the top. The first to mount was our own colonel, who fought his way up one of our bamboo contrivances. The frail thing bent and swayed dangerously with the weight of the men who clustered on it and climbed pantingly—though they had breath to spare for much strong language. But it held bravely, and there were wild cheers when we saw that the first great honour had fallen to the dear old 59th.

I rushed ahead myself, heavily clad, and carrying my rifle and bayonet, and sprang on one of the two ladders which we of the 59th carried. You can imagine to some extent what it was like if you picture yourself as a British soldier rushing with other soldiers up one of the long ladders which you see against tall buildings when painters are at work. You crowd on it till the structure

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We got our clumsy ladders reared against the walls, and then began a furious fight to reach the top.

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sways and bends and almost breaks, and when you reach the top you have to reckon with barbarians who strike at you with anything that comes handy, and hurl stones and refuse and strange curses upon you, all the time trying to throw your ladder off and its clinging, clustering crowd with it. But a laden ladder is a heavy thing, and ours held firm. If there had been resolute and plucky defenders at the top we could never have scaled the obstacle; luckily for us, the Chinamen fled when they saw how furiously we climbed, and we were the conquerors before they quite knew what was happening.

In Canton the streets were not like ours at home, but there were bridges from roof to roof, and it was extraordinary to see the Chinese flying from us by rushing and jumping from one roof to another. We could not follow them for the present, but we picked a lot of them off with bullets as they fled, and many a Celestial turned his last somersault high in the air as he fell to the ground below.

One thing puzzled us immensely We kept firing at figures and never hurting them. We blazed away with our rifles at men in openings, and yet we neither killed nor scotched them. We could not reckon it up for a long time; then we discovered that Johnny had stuffed dummies into these places to draw our fire. No man likes to be fooled, especially in war-time, and lots of Johnnies got "dummy" after that with a vengeance.

No trickery was too primitive for the Chinese to practise. We had a fine little gunboat—the *Niger*—with us. She did a lot of mischief, and the Chinese were particularly anxious to get level with her. So they loaded up a junk with refuse, put a barrel of gunpowder in, floated her down to the *Niger*, and exploded her just alongside. I met an old *Niger* man not long ago, and we laughed about it—but nearly fifty years had not changed his conviction that he would a hundred times rather have had an explosion of honest powder.

We heard a good deal about the man who was leading the Chinese against us—Commissioner Yeh they called him. He was the Governor of Canton, and a perfect monster of cruelty. It is said that he beheaded a hundred thousand rebels—which is the number given in the histories. He was made a prisoner at the beginning of 1858, and was sent to Calcutta, where he died in rather more than a year. There were a good many of us who would not have troubled to make him a captive.

Strong though I was, the campaign and the climate were too much for me. I had to go into hospital for a second time, and then I came into actual touch again with the great Christian whose fate in after years stirred the whole of the civilised world.

"Well, Clarke," said the General, "are you homesick?"

"No, sir," I told him, "I'm not homesick; but if you think England's the best place for me, of course, I shall have to go back. I don't want to go, though."

The General laughed, because he knew as well as I did that a lot of the men were homesick long before they landed. "Well," he said, "a man does not often say that, Clarke, but you are not fit to follow the Army. You had better go home. I shall pass you as unfit for service."

The General was a religious man and a kind man—we often remarked that he was like an angel amongst us—but when once he had said a thing he would never depart from it, and home I came.

Did he not, in later years, swear that he would not leave Khartoum? And he is there still.

♣ ♣ ♣

POOR SMITH!

I've heard Smith say in his cocky way,
As a sickly grin he shows:
"Perhaps it's rot, but they say I've got
My mother's mouth and nose."

And yet, although one must, I know,
His mother's gifts condemn,
At any rate she was fortunate
In getting rid of them!

Charles Vivian.

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UNDER A CLOUD

The Story of a Royal Visit.

By
Beatrice Heron-Maxwell.

The wide stone terrace of Clewfield Castle was ablaze with light, thrown not only from the open window of the tapestry saloon and picture gallery, but from a thousand tinted electric globes hung in the shrubs and creepers, and bordering the pillars of the balustrade. For it was the first occasion of a Royal visit, and no pains or expense had been considered too lavish to honour with a fitting reception this long-coveted distinction.

The Prince and Princess might have walked on cloth of gold, and dissolved priceless pearls in their champagne had they wished, but it had been intimated to Lady Clew that their Royal Highnesses preferred a certain simplicity of entertainment, and that a great display of wealth and limitless luxury would not be acceptable to them.

Lord Clew's millions, less recent than his newly-acquired title, had served some political and charitable purposes well, and as his one desire was to be a host to some member of the reigning family, it had been considered wise to gratify it.

The Prince and Princess, taking this addition to their daily work as cheerfully as they did all the other boredoms of their public life, had arrived in the afternoon, and after tea in Lady Clew's boudoir, had graciously said that they would be pleased to meet the whole house-party at dinner.

"I fancy there is a friend of yours here," said the Princess with a smile, to her youngest lady-in-waiting, as she took her seat in the picture gallery after dinner. "Don't let me keep you here, Eva, if you prefer the Terrace. I shall not retire until eleven o'clock."

The girl's face flushed rose-pink, with gratitude at the permission and confusion at the gentle insinuation it conveyed.

"Thank you, ma'am," she said, and, after a moment, glanced in the direction where she knew a pair of earnest, dark eyes were eager to meet her own.

A moment later the owner of the dark eyes had deftly made his way to her side and piloted her on to the Terrace where, in the furthest corner, the shadow of the famous old yew of Clewfield divided the rosy glow of the illuminations from the moonlight, and made a little oasis for lovers.

"What a splendid piece of luck it is!" he said, "and after a week of horrible suspense, too. The Colonel was trying to bring two of us with him, and my name was third on the list. I thought I hadn't a chance, and then the Major—God bless him!—sprained his ankle at polo. He called me a beast because I rejoiced, and said I was a sycophant looking after irregular promotion. But he never guessed why I wanted to come so badly. It's about two years since I saw you, Eva."

"Two months and a day exactly," she said softly, "and—and I don't think you may call me Eva, Captain Chisholm."

"My names are Gerard Annesley Wentworth, Lady Evangeline; my friends call me

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Gerry—the governor insists on Wentworth as long as my godfather is alive—and I am known as 'Annie' in the regiment. Must I be Captain Chisholm to you?"

"Does anyone call you Gerard?" she asked.

"No one"—the banter went out of his voice—"since my favourite sister died."

"Oh, forgive me, Captain Chisholm. I only thought I liked it best of all your names."

"So did she. She said to me once: 'No one else must call you Gerard, except——'"

"Except?"

"'Except the girl you love, and who loves you.'" There was a pause and he bent a little nearer to her. "Lady Eva," he said quietly, "I have found the girl whom I love. I found her just five months ago, at a Court wedding, and it is my dearest wish to make her love me. I haven't the smallest right to ask her, when there are so many others—better men than I in every way—who want to win her—but—Eva—do you think I have the slightest chance?"

Her answer was so low that he scarcely caught it.

"Is it 'yes'?" he said eagerly.

"Perhaps—Gerard."

He made a passionate exclamation and, taking both her hands, lifted them to his lips.

But a step on the other side of the shadow startled them apart, and an instant later a man emerged into the circle of moonlight.

"A cosy corner out-of-doors, eh?" said a voice that had a slightly unpleasant inflection, and Dick Watson, the eldest son of the house of Clew, whose courtesy title of "Honourable" sat uneasily upon him still, looked at Lady Evangeline with an easy familiarity that set Gerard Chisholm longing to make a football of him.

"Her Royal Highness is anxious for your company, I think, Lady Eva," continued Dick. "Shall I escort you to her?"

"Thank you, but the Princess does not wish me to join her just yet, and Captain Chisholm is my escort at present."

There was a very quiet but very decided dignity in the answer, and even Dick understood that he was being rebuffed.

"Oh, I see," he said, with a short laugh. "I'm odd man out. My turn next time." And he turned on his heel and left them.

"Insufferable bounder!" said Gerard, under his breath.

Lady Eva sighed. "I should be glad," she said, "when our visit here was over, if it were not for one thing."

"And that one thing is——?"

"You may guess—but not now," she answered, "for you must take me back to the picture-gallery now. I don't want to be made the subject of Mr. Watson's remarks."

Gerard's reply was inaudible, but it promised no goodwill to Mr. Watson, and Lady Eva told him he must on no account make a quarrel with their host's son, especially on such an occasion.

"When can I see you again?" he asked, as they reached the window of the gallery.

"It depends upon the Princess," Lady Eva said, "but I shouldn't be surprised if she gave me leave-of-absence for half-an-hour in the morning."

"In the rose-garden?" he pleaded.

"Yes, if it is possible." And then she vanished into the blaze of light, while he turned away again to wander back into the enchanted land that every lover's steps tread at least once in his life.

The Princess had retired, and the Prince had betaken himself to cards, when Gerard re-entered the house and made his way to the billiard-room, where the younger men were congregated. He was anxious to avoid any personal contact with Dick Watson, whose obtrusive attentions to Lady Evangeline Farrer he resented keenly.

But it was not Dick's policy to let him alone, and he insisted on Gerard making a fourth at Russian pool, taking every opportunity of being covertly insolent as the game progressed.

More than once Gerard was within an ace of casting the laws of hospitality to the winds, and openly showing his host's son that his manner and remarks were objectionable; but he restrained himself with the mental curb "For Eva's sake."

In his state of exaltation at finding that the star he had worshipped, almost without hope, was within reach of his grasp, he was able to put a stronger restraint on himself than would have been possible at any other time; and it seemed as though Dick's evident desire for a quarrel would be baulked after all.

Nevertheless, he accomplished it at last.

Gerard, usually a good player, had made two bad strokes running, when Dick said, with a sneer underlying the assumed jocularity of his words: "Your hand has lost its cunning, Chisholm. Too much moonlight, eh? Perhaps Lady Eva——"

"By what right do you mention that lady's name?" said Gerard with dangerous quietness.

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"I suppose I may mention the name of any one of my father's guests if I please," replied Dick. "By what right do you question mine?"

"The right of any gentleman to defend a lady from the insults of a cad," Gerard said quietly.

The other men had stopped talking, and there was a dead silence while the two faced one another.

"Lady Eva," began Dick; but Gerard silenced him with an impetuous gesture.

"I forbid you to speak of her."

No one had noticed that a door at the far end had opened, and the Prince himself was on the threshold, followed by an equerry and Lord Clew.

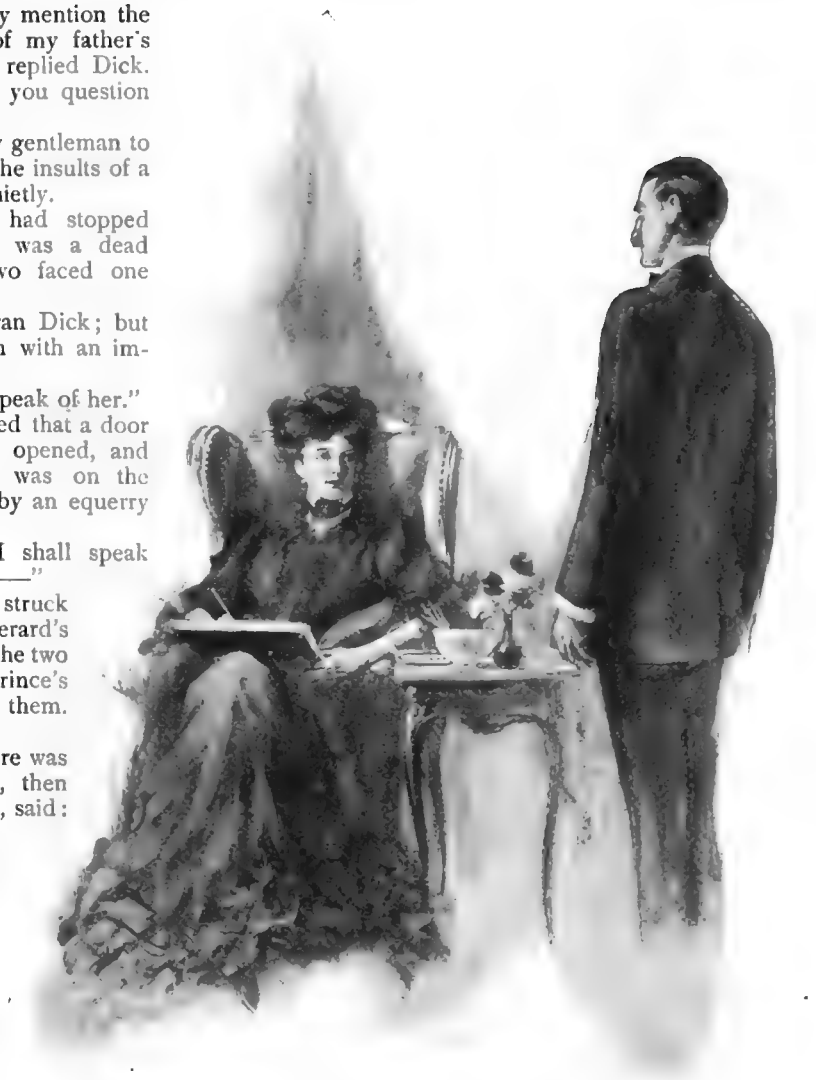
"*You* forbid! I shall speak of Lady Eva when——"

The word was struck from his mouth by Gerard's clenched fist, but as the two men closed, the Prince's stern voice sundered them.

"Gentlemen!"

For an instant there was a paralysed silence, then Gerard, bowing low, said: "I beg you to forgive me, sir. I was unaware of your presence."

"You have my permission to leave it," answered the Prince coldly; then, turning to Lord Clew, "if our host also permits."



"I have to thank you," said the Princess, "for refusing to permit Lady Eva's name to be mentioned in such a manner."

Lord Clew, his face dark with anger at this unseemly episode, bowed and began an apology, but the Prince added: "Mr. Watson doubtless had great provocation, and the first blow was not his."

Then he changed the subject, and the incident was closed so far as he was concerned. But Gerard, with whom all those who had witnessed the whole scene sympathised, knew he had incurred by mischance a disgrace that would not easily be removed.

In the morning, a note from Lord Clew, handed to Gerard while he dressed, intimated that it would be wise for him to assume illness and keep his room until the conclusion of his visit. Failing this, he would be requested to leave, and thereby would spread the knowledge of the affair which otherwise would be hushed up.

Indignant and miserable, he paced up and down his room, cursing himself at one moment for his insensate folly in striking Dick Watson; at the next, feeling that the blow would not be too highly paid for, if he could explain it all, and his absence, to Lady Eva.

What would she think when she kept their

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tryst in the rose-garden and he was not there? Yet it was as impossible for him to write to her, until after he had left the Castle, as it was for him to disobey the dictate of the letter, which had probably received the sanction of the Prince.

His perplexity and suspense were ended by the appearance of Colonel Vereker with the solicitous question: "What's the matter, Chisholm? I had no idea you weren't feeling fit."

"Then you have heard nothing about last night?" inquired Gerard.

The Colonel looked mystified, so Gerard enlightened him with the whole story.

He shook his head. "A deuced unpleasant, uncomfortable business!" he said. "The first time any of the Borderers has run up against royalty on the wrong side. I'll go down and see what I can hear about it."

Presently he returned. "It's worse than you thought," he said. "Young Watson has told his father that you were over-excited and forced a quarrel on him. You understand, of course, what he wishes to imply?"

Gerard went white. "Will you do me a favour, sir?" he said. "You know it's a lie. Will you tell Lady Evangeline Farrer all about it for me?"

The Colonel was dubious. "I don't know that she will even see me," he said. "Better leave it, my dear boy."

But Gerard's intreaties carried his point at last, and Colonel Vereker left him to make the attempt.

The hours dragged on wearily enough through the day, until in the afternoon a pencilled message came from Lady Eva.

"If you are well enough," she wrote, "will you come down to the white boudoir? The Princess wishes me to see you.—Eva Farrer."

His heart misgave him as he read it Had the Princess heard the story, he wondered, and was it her wish that Lady Eva should break off all friendship with him at once? He longed for, yet dreaded, the moment when he should see Eva, and be able at least to exculpate himself to her.

She was alone in the white boudoir — part of the suite set apart for the Princess — when he entered; and as they clasped hands neither of them spoke for a moment.

Then she said:

"I am to take you to the Princess. She wishes to hear the story from you yourself."

And following her through the folding-doors into the white drawing-room, he found himself bowing low to the Princess, who sat sketching the old yew tree from the window.

"Captain Chisholm," the Princess said, "will you tell me how it all happened last night. I am anxious that the Prince should know what led up to the moment when his entrance interrupted you."

Gerard told her quietly and straightforwardly.

"I have to thank you," said the Princess, "for refusing to permit Lady Eva's name to be mentioned in such a manner. Lady Eva is under my protection, and you were therefore doing me a personal service. I hope I may have the pleasure of rendering you one in return. I trust you will appear at the dance which Lady Clew is giving to-night."

As the Princess passed . . . she stopped and said graciously: "I hope you have recovered, Captain Chisholm?"

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"I should be only too happy and too honoured, ma'am," stammered Gerard, "but——"

"But you think your presence may not be desired by our host and hostess," she concluded for him. "I will make a point of suggesting it to Lord Clew myself."

Then, with a gracious smile, the Princess dismissed them both, and they were alone in the boudoir again.

"How splendid of her!" exclaimed Gerard. "I admired her before, but I absolutely *worship* her now."

"We all love her," said Eva; "there is no sweeter lady in the land."

"But how did she guess—how did she know that you and I——" he began.

Eva smiled. "There is no one more keen-sighted," she said. "The three royal qualities are very marked in her—tact, ready understanding, and a good memory. I think our trouble is over, Gerard."

"Our trouble!" he repeated. "Was it yours, Eva, as well as mine?" He ventured to take her hand.

"Of course," she murmured. "I was miserable when you failed to appear in the rose-garden, more miserable when I heard that illness kept you to your room, and most miserable when it was hinted that the illness was assumed."

"And I have been thinking that I had lost you," he said, and lifted her fingers to his lips.

It was undoubtedly an ordeal for him when he entered the ball-room and took his place in the ring of guests who were waiting for the royal party to open the dance. Inquisitive looks were cast upon him by many of the house-party, and Dick Watson's hurried word of greeting conveyed more ill-will than a complete cut would have done.

The secret of Gerard's temporary disappearance had evidently been allowed to leak out, and there was a general disposition to avoid him. Gerard wondered whether it would, after all, be possible for him to stay it out; but the Princess' desire made an imperative reason. However, it did not last long.

As the Princess passed where he stood, she stopped and said graciously:

"I hope you have recovered, Captain Chisholm?"

Every eye in the room was on him while he answered:

"I am quite well now, thank you, ma'am."

"Then we may meet in a Lancers," the Princess said, and passed on.

And the Prince, following, nodded pleasantly to Gerard.

Everyone understood that the affair was ended, and that Gerard had won an unequal game—with honours.

Not only was he permitted to be Lady Eva's partner in the Royal Lancers, but later in the evening she gave him another dance, and it was at the end of this that the cloud was finally lifted.

"Is this good-bye?" he asked. "I suppose I shall have no chance of talking to you in the morning?"

"To-morrow is my last day of waiting, for the present," she answered. "I am going home until the Princess returns from abroad."

"And that means——" he began eagerly.

"That I shall be at home, if you like to come and see me, Gerard."

So that a month later, when the engagement was announced of Lady Evangeline Farrer to Captain Gerard Chisholm, Lord and Lady Clew realised fully that their son had made a mistake, and that the royal visit, which was the crown of their ambition, had only been a very qualified success!

Photo, E. Patr.

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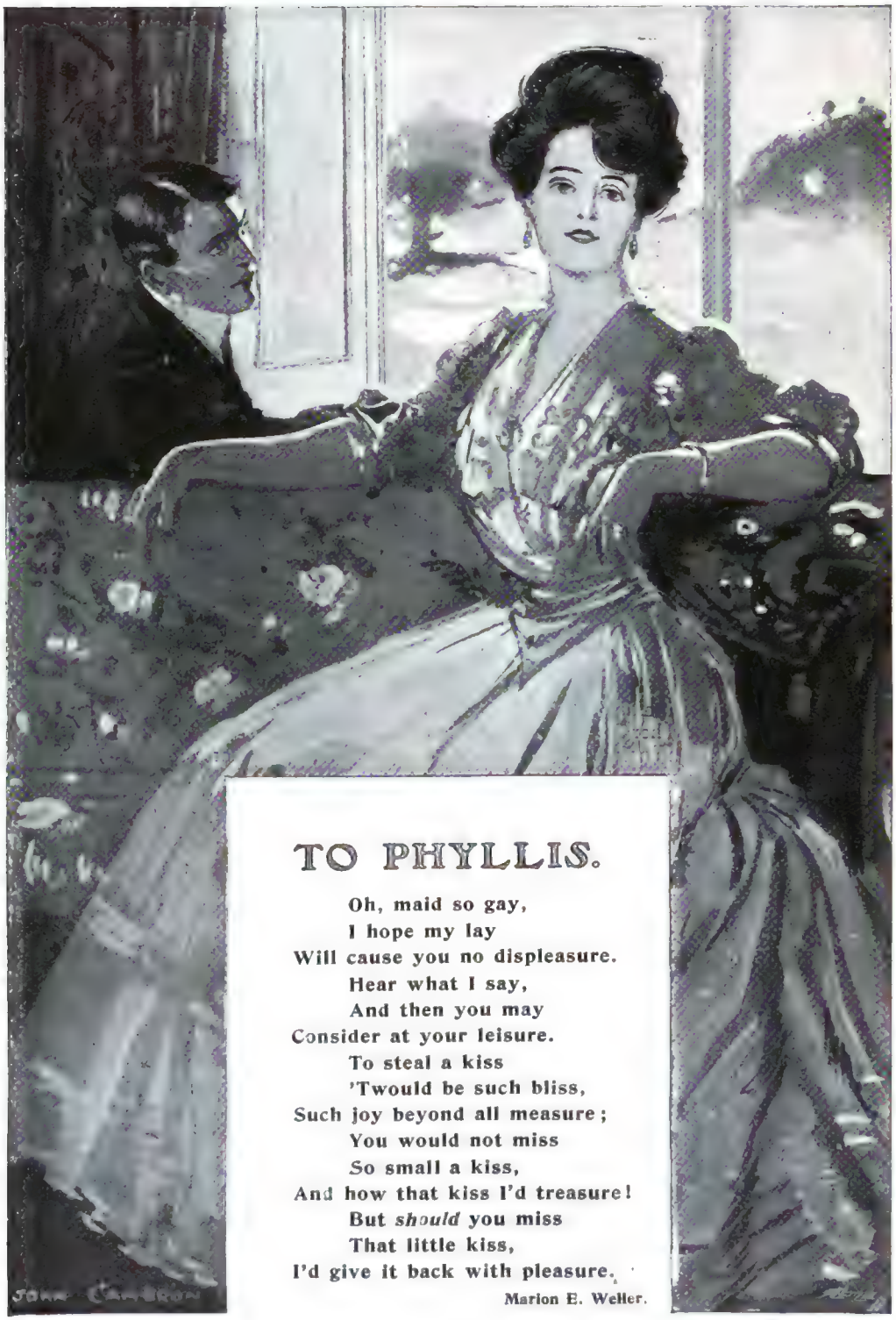

TO PHYLLIS.

Oh, maid so gay,
I hope my lay
Will cause you no displeasure.
Hear what I say,
And then you may
Consider at your leisure.
To steal a kiss
'Twould be such bliss,
Such joy beyond all measure;
You would not miss
So small a kiss,
And how that kiss I'd treasure!
But *should* you miss
That little kiss,
I'd give it back with pleasure.

Marion E. Weller.

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Real Life Romances.

Nearly Everyone has Undergone Some Strange Adventure, or Knows Someone who has Done so, Readers are Requested to Send Descriptions of Such Incidents to the Editor, who will Pay Liberally for Accepted Contributions, which should be Five Hundred Words Long. All Romances must be True, and Substantiated by Names and Dates, not Necessarily for Publication.

The Romance of a Night-Light.

HOW A MOUSE NEARLY CAUSED A FIRE.

A SHORT while ago an Austrian lady and her family staying in Constantinople were almost burnt alive through the meddlesomeness of a mouse.

It was the lady's custom to sleep with a night-light burning in her room, and all went well for several nights. The light, as might be expected, burnt for the number of hours it was intended to burn, and then died a natural death.

One morning, however, the night-light had evidently been tampered with. It was only half consumed, and there were little scratches on it, as if some small animal had been gnawing at the wax.

On the following night the lady awoke at about two o'clock. What was her horror when she saw the night-light, burning brightly, moving about the room!

She saw the night-light burning brightly, moving about the room.

The phenomenon was not due to any supernatural agency, but merely to the fact that a small mouse with a taste for candle-grease was endeavouring to carry off the night-light and sup on it.

This it was forcibly prevented from doing.

The next night, in order to circumvent the mouse, the night light was placed in a basin full of water.

The lady and her husband went to bed feeling like generals who had won a great victory.

During the night the lady's husband was aroused by a strong smell of burning. What could it be?

Happening to glance at the window, he saw to his horror that the curtains were in flames. There was not a moment to lose.

Springing out of bed, he dragged the curtains to the floor and dashed water over them. As he did so a mouse left a half-eaten night-light which lay on the window-sill and dashed down a hole in a corner of the room.

Undaunted by the basin of water, the mouse had evidently removed the night-light and carried it over to the window, where, in its efforts to devour the choice morsel, it had nearly caused a serious conflagration.

The lady herself, who had been aroused by the noise made in extinguishing the flames, was terrified at the thought of the danger with which she and her husband had been menaced.

Indeed, the only individual really satisfied with the night's adventures was the mouse!

Both occupants of the room congratulated themselves on their narrow escape.

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Living Eyes!

THE ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

AT two o'clock one October morning, when the vast city of St. Petersburg was for the most part serenely sleeping, a Russian official, M. Soktieff, and his wife, returned home from some place of entertainment.

The servants having gone to bed, it seemed strange to madame, as she slipped off her cloak in the hall, to hear a sound resembling the pushing-back of a chair come, presumably, from the drawing-room.

"What *can* that be?" she inquired with a startled look.

"What can what be, my dear?"

"Didn't you hear a noise in the drawing-room just now?"

"I can't say that I noticed one," replied M. Soktieff, "but we will look in and see if anything is amiss."

Taking a lighted candle from the side-table, the two made a cursory examination of the apartment, and, finding nothing out of place, looked into the other rooms on that floor with like result.

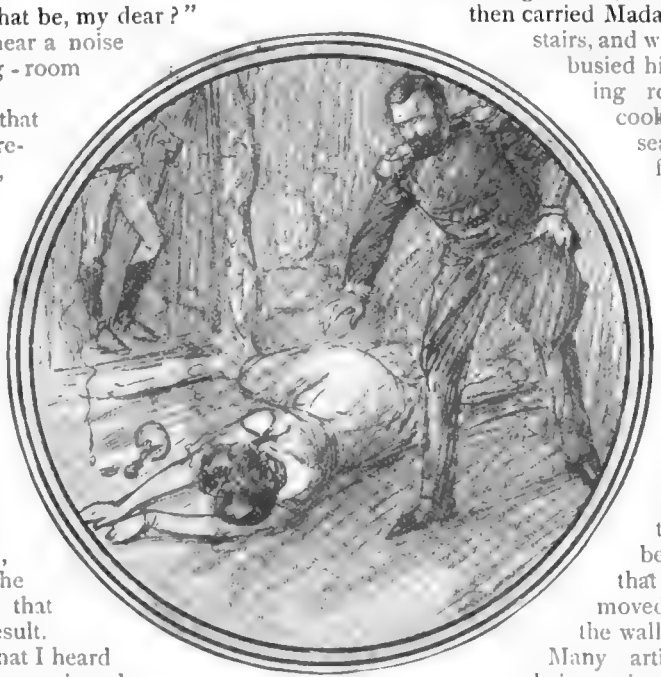
"I'm *certain* that I heard something," persisted madame, once more entering the drawing-room. In a moment, with a loud scream, she was out again.

"What's the matter *now*?" inquired her husband, greatly astonished.

"The portrait! I glanced at it, and, oh! *its eyes moved.* Real eyes! They looked at me!"

The poor young wife was trembling violently, but her husband only laughed at what he considered childish fears.

Against the wall of the drawing-room, it must be explained, rested a full-length portrait of Madame Soktieff's grandfather, in the uniform of a Uhlan officer.



M. Soktieff, rushing to the spot, found his wife lying in a dead faint upon the floor.

Thirty minutes passed before she was sufficiently composed to prepare for bed, and then she suddenly remembered having left her purse containing £6 in the drawing-room, and bravely insisted upon fetching it herself.

So again taking a candle she set forth upon her search.

Another wild shriek broke the stillness of the house, and M. Soktieff, rushing to the spot, found his wife lying in a dead faint upon the floor.

The cook being roused, she and her master then carried Madame Soktieff upstairs, and whilst M. Soktieff busied himself in applying restoratives, the cook, by his orders, searched the fateful room.

Like her master and mistress, she failed to find anything to arouse suspicion.

In the broad light of day M. Soktieff, looking closely at the portrait, discovered that the eyes had been cut out, and that it had been moved further from the wall.

Many articles of value being missed, it was clear upon further investigation that *real* eyes *had* frightened poor madame. The owner of them, subtle thief that he was, had effectually concealed himself behind the big, accommodating picture to witness in safety the various searchings of the room.

It is a well-known fact that the eyes of a well-painted portrait do indeed seem to follow anyone, who looks at it, about the room.

As M. Soktieff was aware of this he did not take his wife's remarks so seriously as he might have done. In her case, however, it was no illusion.

Unfortunately the thief was never caught, and his nefarious act remained unpunished.

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The Kidnapped Bride.

THE ROMANCE OF A GALLANT POLICEMAN.

LET us call the "hero" police-constable X 24. What his number or alphabet was, or whether he even owned a number, does not in the least affect this story. Let this suffice: he was an Italian policeman, and the whole affair that followed happened at Via Sistina.

This was the beginning. Police-constable X 24 was patrolling his usual beat one morning in early August. The day was hot. It was too hot to walk except when one was compelled, too hot, indeed, for anyone to do anything at all, even for the pick-pocket to trouble about his craft.

On the opposite side of the road a dazzling procession of girls, dressed in white, and men in more sombre attire, was approaching. Police-constable X 24 cast on it an approving eye. A wedding procession was cheering on such a day as this.

At the head of the procession walked the bride, charming in white silk and leaning on her husband's arm. Behind followed the bridesmaids, and in a still longer line a large number of friends and relatives. Just about now the strange, or, as P.C. X 24 would have expressed it, the decidedly suspicious behaviour of a young man mounted on a bicycle, attracted the constable's attention. A jilted lover, instinctively thought the policeman, with a touch of professional pride.

Slowing down, the cyclist neared the head of the wedding procession. Then suddenly, in much less time than it takes to relate, he leapt from his machine, rolled over the bridegroom, and, seizing the terrified little bride in his arms, leapt once more on to his machine and made off as fast as safety would permit.

"It's a joke," protested the young man of the cycle.

All this police-constable X 24 saw as one in a dream, so utterly dumfounded was he at the daring, the audacity of the young man. The bridegroom's voice calling lustily for assistance awakened P.C. X 24 to the necessity for prompt action.

Everyone joined in the pursuit, and soon a medley of bridesmaids, friends, relatives, bridegroom, and best man was frantically rushing down the street.

But first and foremost sped police-constable X 24, supreme in professional glory. The perspiration ran down his brow, and he panted hard for breath. That villain on the bicycle should feel the stern, hot arm of Italy's law, now centred in the extended one of police-constable X 24. A moment later he snatched the trembling bride from the villain's arms, and with his left hand clutched the man himself, now powerless in the presence of the law. Then the pretty bride opened her dark eyes and darted countless fires at the gallant hero.

"How dare you interfere?" she said. And P.C. X 24 stepped two paces back in surprise. Such base ingratitude passed his best criminal recollections.

"It's a joke," protested the young man of the cycle. "We don't want your interference, police-constable."

"Joke or no joke," cried the officer indignantly, "I shall arrest you for attempting to abduct this lady."

* * * *

At the police-station, P.C. X 24 felt that the day was indeed a very hot one. For everyone swore that the whole scene had been arranged, and, still worse, to supply a set of pictures to a cinematograph company.

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How He Won His Crest.

A TRUE STORY.

WE sat together, Cooksley and I, having our evening pipe.

"That is a curious ring you are wearing," I said to the well-known hunter, trader, and since successful storekeeper and farmer.

"Yes it is," he replied, taking it off his finger and handing it to me. "What is more, it was a strange adventure that induced my wife to have it made for me. I call it my crest."

I looked at it closely. It was a massive gold ring, and as well as I could make out by the fast fading light, the shield bore the engraving of a hippo's head, with the butt-end of a rifle sticking out of the beast's mouth.

"One Sunday, when living somewhere to the north of the Transvaal border," said Cooksley, "I received a visit from a Mr. McKenzie, who lived a few miles off. It was very seldom I ever saw a white face, and both my wife and I were glad to see anyone with the same coloured skin as ourselves. What was better still, the missionary's wife had come with him. After dinner, the two ladies went for a walk. They took the direction of a large lagoon about half-a-mile from where I had built my hut. Mr. McKenzie and I followed slowly after them. Suddenly I saw my Kaffir boy running towards us. 'Baas! Baas!' he yelled, 'there is a hippo in the lagoon!'

"'Run quick and bring me my rifle,' I said to the excited nigger.

"He soon returned, and as he handed me my powder-flask (for it was in the days before breech-loaders were invented), I put in an extra charge, rammed it home, and fixing my cap I ran towards the bank of the lagoon, where my wife and her companion had already arrived.

"I soon spotted my big friend, who every now and then would show me a full view of his ugly head. I waited for him. Up he popped. I took deliberate aim and fired.

"The report had not died away before he disappeared, but a streak of blood on the top of the water told me that my bullet had gone home. I reloaded and waited for his re-appearance; but there was no sign of him. At last an idea occurred to me. About fifty yards away, across the lagoon, was a dense tangle of rushes and flags. He might be in hiding there.

"I ran round the top of the lagoon, soon reached the spot, and started walking in the shallow water near the edge. I had gone about fifty yards when I fell plump into a hole, the water rising above my waist.

"As I was trying to extricate myself from my uncomfortable position, a huge head appeared within five yards of me, an enormous mouth opened, and with a rush the savage beast made straight for me. Quick as lightning my rifle was at my shoulder. I pulled the trigger—there was no report—it had missed fire!

"With a yell I drove the barrel down the gaping red cavity before me; the great teeth closed upon it. The next moment I expected would be my last, when the mighty beast swayed, stumbled, then fell dead, its snout within a foot of me.

"My first bullet had done its deadly work.

"My wife and her friends had witnessed the whole incident from the opposite bank, and that is why I am wearing this ring."

As I was trying to extricate myself from my uncomfortable position, a huge head appeared within five yards of me.

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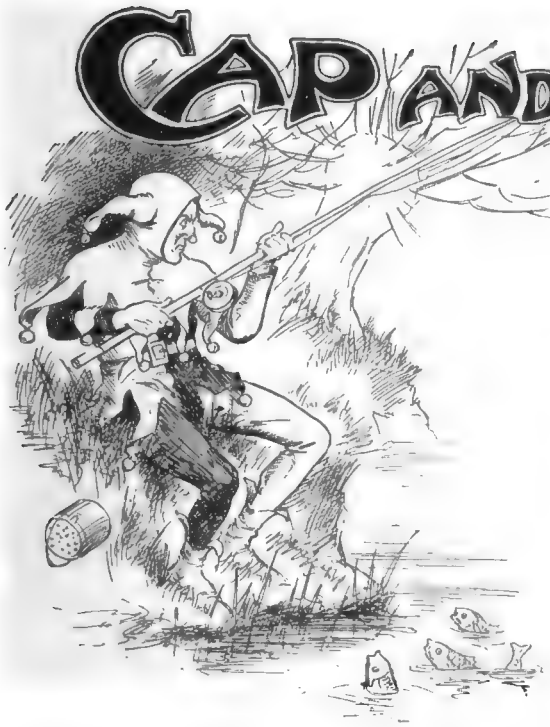
CAP AND BELLS



SHE HAD HER REASONS.

MISTRESS: "And pray why do you want to leave us, Anna?"

COOK: "The doctor has ordered my sergeant a more generous diet."

* * * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

MAGISTRATE: "You are charged with begging."

BEGGAR: "I wasn't beggin', yer worship."

MAGISTRATE: "But you were seen holding out your hand."

BEGGAR: "It's all a habit, yer worship: you see, I had to hold out my hand so much at school that now I can't break myself of it."

* * * *

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

"Who is happier?" asked a young man of a father, "a millionaire, or a man who has seven daughters?"

"The man who has seven daughters."

"Why so?"

"He who has a million pounds wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does not."

* * * *

HARDLY.

MRS. SUBBUBS: "There's the cart with the piano we bought to-day. You can just send it back."

MR. SUBBUBS: "Why?"

MRS. SUBBUBS: "Do you suppose that we are going to pay fifty guineas for a piano and have it brought home at night, when the neighbours can't see it. Eh?"

PROBABLY.

FIRST PASSENGER: "I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station?"

SECOND (a traveller of experience): "I presume it is because no one happens to be trying to catch the train."

* * * *

GOING ONE BETTER.

ENTHUSIASTIC ARTIST: "Do you know I painted a picture of a lion so naturally that it had to be placed behind bars."

ENTHUSIASTIC AUTHOR: "That's nothing. I wrote a novel so full of burning emotion, that it had to be printed on asbestos pages for fear of a conflagration."

* * * *

BUSINESS UP TO DATE.

SHOPPER: "Isn't £5 rather dear for this?"

SALESMAN: "The price is £2. That other ticket is meant to be kept on when you send it as a present."

Papa Monk: "How often am I to tell you children not to swing on the bough when your father is shaving?"

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ACQUITTED.

Ex-Congressman Eddy, of Minnesota, was well known as the ugliest man in Congress. He had, in the opinion of his opponents, "wobbled" on the silver issue in the campaign of 1896. A few years later he was to speak in a small town, and on arriving he saw in the opposition newspaper a head-line to the effect: "Two-faced Eddy speaks here to-night."

That evening, when he stood before his audience, he said in his low, sympathetic voice:

"You know, ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not the man referred to in this paper. It must be someone else, for there is no one here who does not know that if I had two faces I would wear the other one."

* * * *

A SUBSTITUTE.

DOCTOR: "Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough."

COUNTESS: "I don't feel disposed to do so just now." (To her maid.) "Eliza, please cough as I did this morning."

* * * *

AN OBSERVANT BOY.

"I declare," said Bella sweetly, "your thoughts are exactly in unison with mine, Augustus. I had those very words in my mouth."

"Yes, and I saw him put 'em there, too," said little Johnny, who had seen the kissing going on.

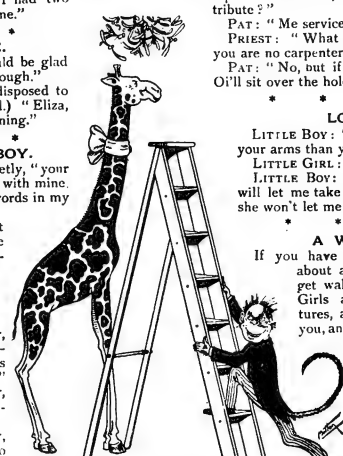
* * *

A SMALL REQUEST.

MRS. PURKSET: "Please, sir, I want one o' them 'um—'um—things, yer know, sir, as reggylates the heat of a room."

CHEMIST: "Thermometer, you mean, ma'am, I suppose?"

MRS. P. (eagerly): "Yes, sir, that's it. And if you'll be so good, sir, as to set it to sixty-five, 'cause that's what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at."



RISING TO THE OCCASION.
Miss G. Raffe: "I can't think what you want those steps for."

IT STOOD TO REASON.

"Yes," said the girl who collects, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection."

"But are you sure it is genuine?" asked her friend.

"Positive. I cut it with my own hands from a telegram that his wife received from him."

* * * * *

NOT EXCITING ENOUGH.

DICK: "I don't believe I'll be a sailor when I'm growed up, after all."

TOM: "Why not?"

DICK: "I talked to an old man to-day who had been a sailor for fifty years, and he had never been shipwrecked on a desert island once."

* * * * *

A TAKING GIRL.

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my flowers, money, books,
Gloves—anything I cared to send—
She took my rival in the end.

* * * * *

A GENTLE HINT.

HE: "Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?"

SHE: "George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills."

He popped.

* * * * *

WOULD DO HIS BEST.

PRIEST: "Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I'm trying to collect money enough to repair it. Come, now, will you contribute?"

PAT: "Me services, sor."

PRIEST: "What do you mean, Pat? you are no carpenter."

PAT: "No, but if it rains next Sunday, Oi'll sit over the hole."

* * * *

LOGIC.

LITTLE BOY: "It's wickeder to move your arms than your legs on Sunday."

LITTLE GIRL: "Spect no'."

LITTLE BOY: "Yes, it is. Mamma will let me take walks on Sunday, but she won't let me go rowing in a boat."

* * * *

A WRINKLE.

If you have a fight with a fellow about a girl, make a point to get walloped and badly hurt. Girls are sympathetic creatures, and she's bound to pity you, and think the other fellow a horrid brute.

* *

ALL ONE TO HER

HE: "And where are you going next?"

SHE (Cook's Tourist): "Milan."

HE: "Why, you're in Milan now."

SHE: "Oh, are we? Well, then, Geneva."

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A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.—A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS.

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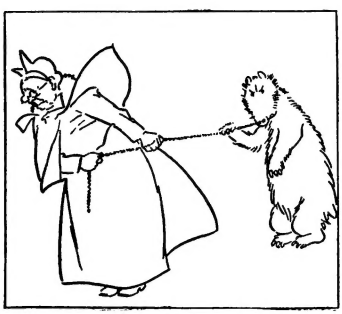

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VERY RESERVED.

GEORGE: "I saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but much too reserved for me."

THOMAS: "No doubt. I've just reserved her for life."

* * * *

UNACCOUNTABLE.

HOSTESS: "My dear Count, you must pardon me, but I have such a very poor memory for names; it's a real affliction, I have forgotten yours."

THE COUNT: "You shoult gonzult a specialist on mendal diseases, my tear madam; you really shoult. My name is Kaskowowskischniffingloski."

* * * *

NOT THE SAME THING.

TATLEY: "Cheer up, old fellow, there's plenty of good fish in the sea."

HARD-UP (who has just been rejected by Miss Crœsus, the heiress, disconsolately): "Yes, but not gold fish."

* * * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Did Miss Flyppe receive many proposals when she came out?"

"Many? Why, receiving proposals got to be quite a habit with her. In a very short time she couldn't even hear a soda-water bottle pop without exclaiming: 'This is so sudden.'"

* * * * *

NOTHING BUT A FRAUD.

"Ah," said the enthusiastic friend, "your father-in-law gave you a cheque for £2000, I understand."

"Yes," responded the young man who had married the daughter of a rich merchant, "but, confound him, he made me give him a secret commission."

* *

WANTED DEFINITE DIRECTIONS.

CAPTAIN: "Do you see that Captain on the bridge five miles away?"

TAR: "Ay, ay, sir."

CAPTAIN: "Let him have one of those 12-in. shells in the eye."

TAR: "Which eye, sir?"

* *

GENIUS WILL OUT.

"I am sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother.

"Isn't he rather young to evince any talent?"

"That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and, before I knew what he was doing, he had decorated the library wall with one of the loveliest new art posters you ever saw."

SOMEWHAT SCREWED.

"I have cut, sir," the scientist said,
"Round the top of my skull a screw-thread,
To hold on my hat."

*

There's no doubt it did that,
But it doesn't say much for his head.

HER ONE WEAKNESS.

PROFESSOR (to a young lady student): "Your marks are very few, and you have only just passed."

YOUNG LADY: "Oh, I am so glad."

PROFESSOR (surprised): "Why?"

YOUNG LADY: "I do so love a tight squeeze."

* * * *

WHERE THE ECONOMY CAME IN.

MR. BINKS: "It's very kind of you, Maria, but I'd rather buy my cigars myself. Seven for a shilling is rather too cheap."

MRS. BINKS: "I know it's cheap; but I thought there must be one good one in the seven."

* * * *

AT A FASHIONABLE DRAPER'S.

"You say, then, that this material is the latest fashion?"

"The very latest, madam."

"But will it fade in the sun?"

"Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood!"

* * * *

TIMES HAD CHANGED.

MRS. F.: "You write such short letters when you are away. I don't see why you couldn't write me nice, long ones, as you did when we were engaged."

MR. F.: "Honestly, my dear, I didn't suppose you would have any time to read them. In the days when we were engaged you had no housekeeping to attend to."

* * * * *

HIS ATMOSPHERE OF TEARS.

Onion: "Why do you weep?"
Turnip: "Because I've met you."

A KIND MAN.

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by someone knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked.

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

* *

PERPLEXING.

"Did Harold call on you this morning, papa?"

"Yes, but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home, and told him to write it out."

* * * * *

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"He died on the field," she said sorrowfully.

"A soldier?" asked the sympathising friend.

"No, referee," she replied.

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A NAUTICAL VIEW.

MABEL: "Dicky, aren't you glad sister is going to marry a naval officer?"

DICKY: "Yes; and when he dies you'll wear sea-weeds, and be a mermaid—won't you?"

* * * * *

INCREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.

Horsham lays claim to the meanest man. He is said to jump a paling every day for fear that frequent opening of the gate will wear out the hinges.

* * * * *

TORTURE UP-TO-DATE.

He pulls his shoulders round in turn,
And twists and writhes in vain;
His face is pale; his eyeballs burn
As if in frenzied pain.

No cry for mercy rends the air;
He dumbly bears his grief.
No help is nigh, and his despair
Is almost past belief.

His body shows no trace of blood;
He's not upon the rack. . . .
It's all because his collar stud
Is sliding down his back!

Leslie Thomas.

* * * * *

EVIDENCE.

"The evidence shows, Mrs. Mulcohey, that you threw a stone at Police-Constable Casey."

"It shows more than that, yer Honour—it shows that Oi hit him."

* * * * *

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. AIKIN: "You see things in a different light since you married, do you not?"

MR. NUWED: "I ought to. There were fifteen lamps among our wedding presents."

* * * * *

A CONFESSION.

I've nothing to tell, so I put it in rhyme,
'Tis easy to do and it fills up the time,
To scribble a sonnet confessing my crime—
I've nothing to tell.

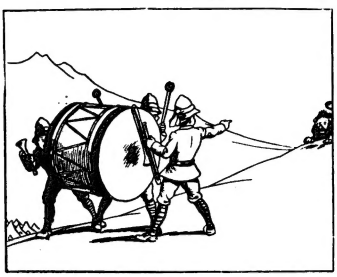
I've nothing to tell, so I string into verse
A jingle of words, and I might do much worse,
For in filling my paper I'm filling my purse—
Tho' I've nothing to tell.

I've nothing to tell, so I fashion a lilt
Announcing the fact—call it bold an' thou wilt,
I boldly proclaim and acknowledge my guilt—
I've nothing to tell.

Herbert Fordwych.

* * * * *

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



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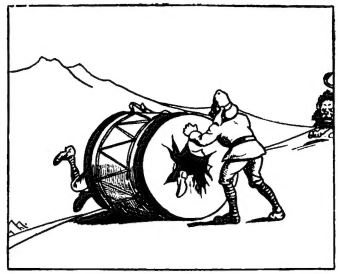

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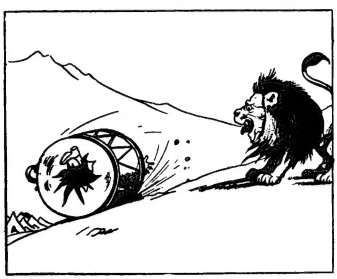

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

He Announces a Grand New Series of Stories.

OUR CENTURY.

With this number The Royal attains its century, and the Editor heaves a sigh of relief. For when a magazine comes out a hundred times and the latest issue has a larger number of readers than, perhaps, any previous one, the future of that magazine ought not to be a matter for anxiety.

The Royal may be said to have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Almost from the first number it was a success, and became one of our foremost popular journals. To-day it has a larger circulation than any other English magazine. This proud position is due partly, of course, to its price, but most of all, I think, to the policy which has been pursued from the beginning, of making The Royal a universal, not a specialising, magazine.

There are other magazines which may be more widely read by men than The Royal; others, again, which have more lady patrons; others which appeal more exclusively to children. But no other caters with like success for all three together. In each number I do my level best to include nothing which men, women, and children will not read with equal interest.

This policy, as you can well imagine, is not the easiest in the world to pursue, but I am, nevertheless, determined to continue it, as it has been so phenomenally successful hitherto.

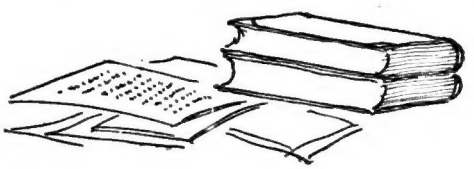
A NEW SERIES OF STORIES.

I have great pleasure in announcing a really splendid new series of detective stories, the first of which will be published in the March number. They appear under the title of "The Quests of Paul Beck," and are by that well-known writer of brilliant fiction, Mr. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C. One of the most popular series of detective stories ever published appeared some while ago in these pages. I mean Baroness Orczy's "Old Man in the Corner." The phenomenal success of this series emboldened me to publish no fewer than twenty-four separate stories. And so confident am I that "The Quests of Paul Beck" will be equally popular, that I have commissioned the author to write twelve tales, which will, in all probability, appear consecutively for a year. I do not merely trust, I know, you will like them.

MR. BODKIN UNDERSTANDS HIS ART.

For Mr. Bodkin understands his art! He knows how to interest his readers. The older I grow, and the more experience I gather in the selection of stories, the more convinced I am that the success of a tale is in the telling to a greater extent even than in the idea. Given a writer of real skill, his yarn, however slight the plot, will be read with avidity. It is almost impossible to analyse his methods beyond saying that he knows what to omit and what to emphasise in his narrative.

When I find a story excellent both in the telling and the idea, I am a happy man. And I can truthfully say that "The Quests of Paul Beck" have made me happier than I have been for many a long day. The plots for each story are marvellously ingenious, and the interest never flags from start to finish. So look out for Paul Beck's first Quest in the next number of The Royal.



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